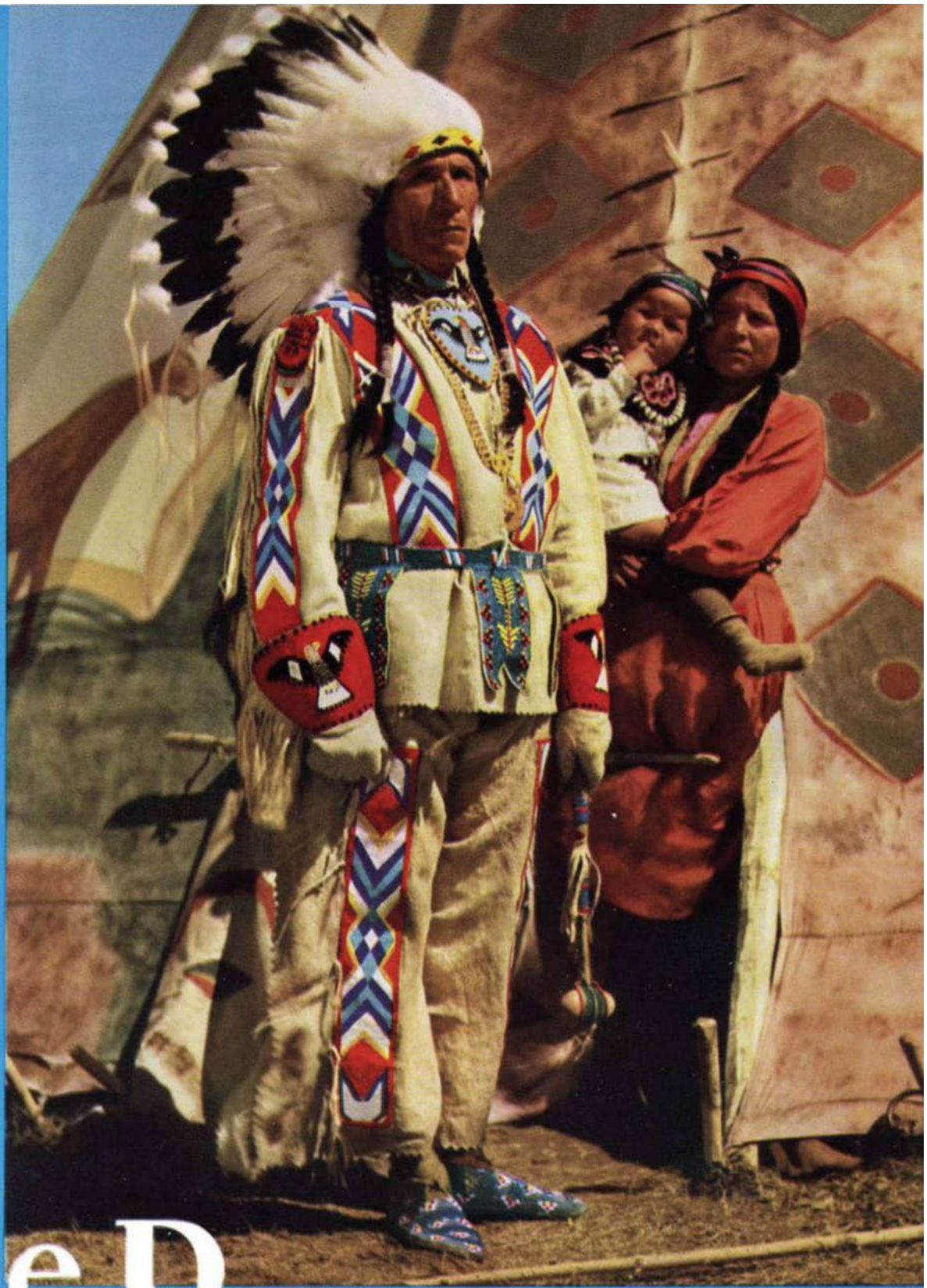

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

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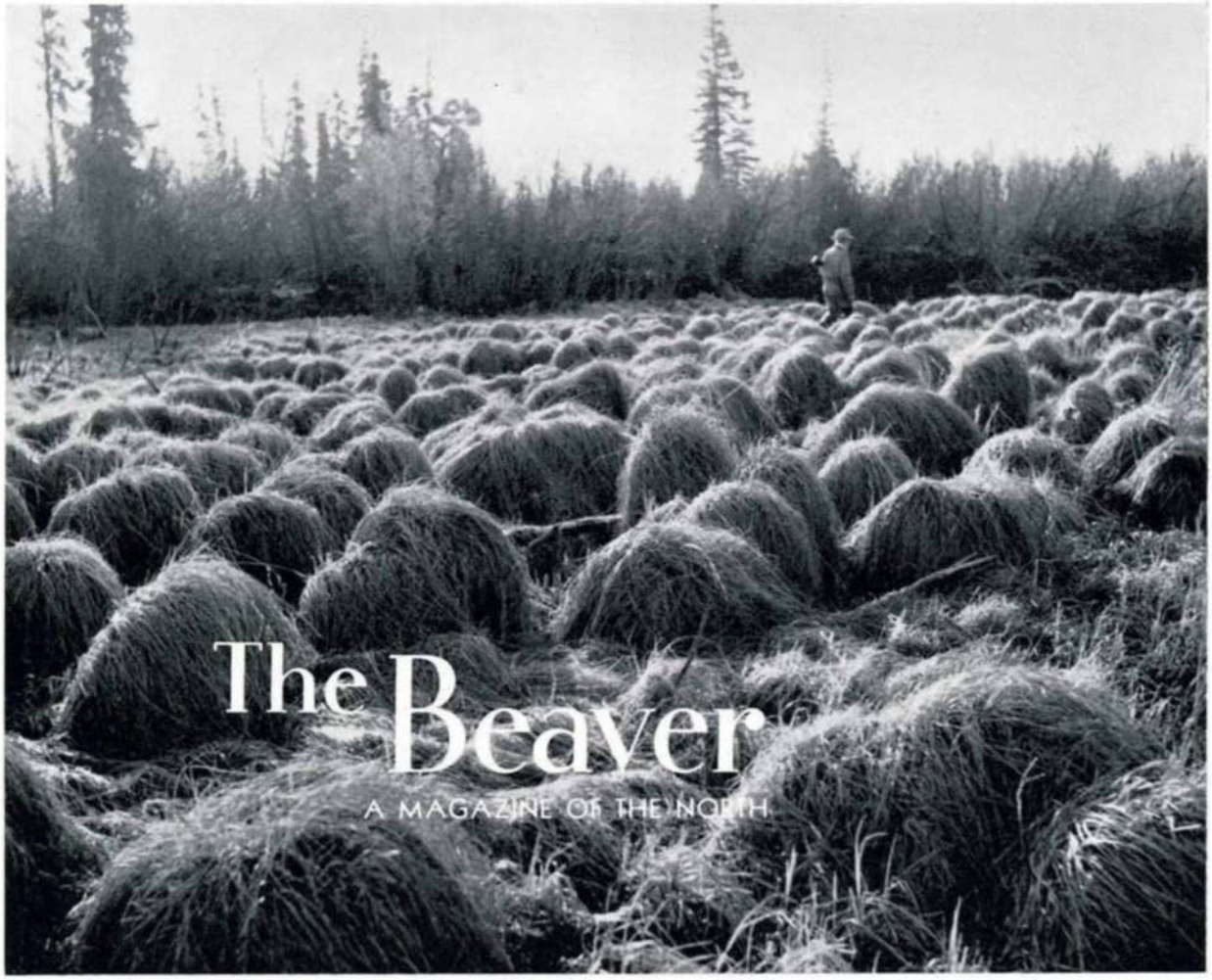

Among the Niggerheads, Aklavik. D. B. Marsh.

OUTFIT 279 SEPTEMBER 1948

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE Hudson's Bay Company. WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

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FRONTIER JUDGE

by Sydney G. Pettit

Sir Matthew Begbie, a picturesque figure of gold rush days, dealt out justice with a vigorous hand.

A TIDE of impetuous anger rose within Judge Begbie. He turned from the jury to the prisoner, to the court, and back to the dock. Finally, in shrill tones, he passed sentence in a manner that included not only the prisoner and jurors but also the bearded adventurers who crowded the court.

"Prisoner," he cried, "it is far from a pleasant duty for me to sentence you only to imprisonment for life. Your crime was unmitigated, diabolical murder. You deserve to be hanged! Had the jury performed their duty I might now have the painful satisfaction of condemning you to death. And you, gentlemen, are a pack of Dalles horse thieves and, permit me to say, it would give me great pleasure to see you hanged, each and every one of you, for declaring a murderer guilty only of manslaughter!"

The court rose. The prisoner, Gilchrist, was put in irons and sent to the coast. Within twenty-four hours his friends, who included a number of the jurymen, were on their way out of the country, never to return. Once again word passed through the gold diggings of the prompt action and just severity of Judge Begbie, strengthening the conviction of many a lawbreaker that he must abstain from violence or, like Gilchrist's henchmen, quit the colony.

Blistering denunciations of this kind, often uttered in righteous indignation, earned Begbie the reputation of being a hanging judge. To this day, in various parts of British Columbia, older residents will point out a tree from which they say he strung up a California gunman with his own hands. Actually there was a paucity of crime during the gold rush, and the number of hangings was very small. Judge Begbie neither witnessed nor participated in an execution. He had, indeed, as the records show, an aversion for murder trials because the necessity of imposing the death sentence touched his heart and conscience so deeply. On one occasion he released a youthful murderer, telling him to skip the country and never come back.

Gilchrist, however, was a hardened criminal and, as the judge knew, a deliberate murderer. On the night of September 23, 1862, he and his friends sat about a gaming table in a saloon at Williams Lake. At the bar, some ten paces to the right of Gilchrist, were two miners, Turner and Pearce. Presently a roistering Irishman walked in and began to bet with Gilchrist. A quarrel flared up. The Irishman started to draw his gun. Gilchrist was faster and would have shot his opponent had not friends seized his arm and deflected the shot. The bullet hit Pearce, spattering his brains over the bar.

Gilchrist recocked his Colt and, backing to the door, escaped into the night.

Sam Gompertz, the deputy sheriff of Williams Lake, got word to Judge Begbie, organized a posse and sent out twenty Indians under a native constable with orders to take Gilchrist dead or alive. By the time the judge arrived Gompertz and his men had caught the fugitive in a packer's camp in the hills.

Judge Begbie, whose methods were unorthodox, set about informing his mind in the matter. This process did not consist in reading cases and precedents. He had, in fact, little use for law books, declaring that they were both confused and confusing. He preferred to conduct an investigation of his own, ferreting out the facts from all manner of people, honest and otherwise. Having collected his information, he drew his own conclusions and made them his guide in conducting a trial, for, unlike other judges, Begbie did not hear a case, he ran it. He was, indeed, quite ready to reverse the verdict of a jury if he disagreed with it. One can imagine the fury of counsel when he told them to sit down and keep quiet, and, on one famous occasion, the amazement of all parties concerned when he reversed one of his own decisions.

It was alleged, Begbie told Governor Douglas in a despatch, that the shooting was a put-up job. Gilchrist had an old grudge against Turner and had actually threatened to shoot him on sight. Realizing that the authorities in British Columbia dealt summarily with killers, he and his friends resorted to a trick common in California which, as Judge Begbie said, "turned the administration of justice into a horrible farce." The quarrel with the Irishman was prearranged and, of course, so was the intervention of Gilchrist's friends which was timed to enable him to shoot his enemy "by accident." He and his confederates probably believed that the coroner would bring in a verdict of "death by misadventure." If the case reached the criminal court there could be little to fear, since the jury must of necessity be drawn from among his lawless compatriots.

The plan miscarried. Gilchrist missed his enemy, Turner, and killed an inoffensive bystander, Pearce. He also underestimated Judge Begbie, who, in his summing up, made it impossible for the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty. He charged them to consider the evidence which had not been contradicted. The prisoner, in attempting to kill one man, had killed another. That was murder, and the only verdict could be wilful murder. The jury, not daring to exonerate Gilchrist, brought in manslaughter and made themselves scarce.

The generation that dubbed Begbie "the Hanging Judge" would have been greatly surprised had they read his report on the Gilchrist trial. It contains no talk of hanging, no harsh words. After expressing his satisfaction with the paucity of crime—for which he gave the entire credit to the police and his fellow magistrates—he went on to say that the verdict of manslaughter "was not, perhaps, an unsatisfactory result." Had he been really dissatisfied, as he gave every appearance of being, it is more than likely that he would have set the verdict aside.

A few years later, in the best Dickensian tradition, Gilchrist turned Queen's evidence and so saved the life of a warder whom some of his fellow convicts

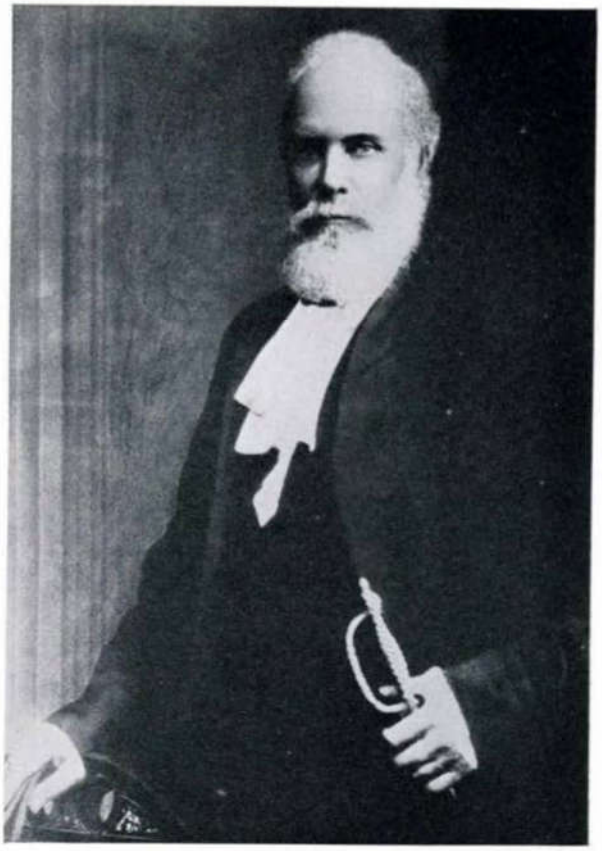
planned to kill in a jail break. Pardoned by the governor, he left for the United States, where he obtained a position of trust and authority in a large penitentiary.

It is not unnatural that Judge Begbie should have become the subject of a legend. He was tall, handsome and intellectually gifted. His forthright manner, caustic wit and arbitrary conduct on the bench have made him the subject of many an anecdote. It is not, however, as a handsome and irascible eccentric that the judge merits a place in the history of British Columbia—and of Canada. As the sole judge of the Supreme Court up to 1866 and later, as chief justice, he deserves consideration as an important executive officer who promulgated law and established the judiciary. These services alone have won him recognition in the records of the western province. But it is the part he played in the gold rush of 1858 that makes him a figure in national history. When the events of that time are set in the context of continental movements it is at once apparent that Governor Douglas and Judge Begbie were instrumental in keeping Canada Canadian when it might easily have become American.

Nearly a century has elapsed since the hazardous days of the Fraser River gold rush, and with the passage of time the existence of British Columbia has been taken for granted. Yet it requires only a glance at the map to see that the line of demarcation between the province and the bordering American states has no geographic or logical justification.

During the nineteenth century the American frontier moved steadily westward as the wilderness yielded its treasures of land, forest and mine. By the middle of the century the richest and most accessible parts of the continent had been won. California was already a state and railways were being pushed forward. Thus by 1850 there had been little to deflect the frontier from its westward course. Canada had nothing to compare with the middle west. The Canadian Shield, Ontario and the prairies could not compete with Texas and California. Had these lands been attractive the American government would have secured them when the boundary was first determined or later by power diplomacy, as in the case of Maine, Oregon and Alaska. After 1850 the situation rapidly changed and a period critical for the safety and future of Canada ensued. While American settlers had reached the Pacific coast and were pushing northwards the Canadian West remained unoccupied. These vast territories were to become increasingly attractive to landless adventurers who were not insensitive to the demands of manifest destiny. The loss of Oregon in 1846 was an example of the force of American expansion and served as a warning that another advance might well have similar results if proper steps were not taken to contain such a movement within a framework of government and law.

Such an incursion came in the spring of 1858 when some 30,000 gold seekers poured into the Fraser canyon. Most of them had come by sea from California and had landed at Victoria, while others disembarked at Puget Sound, whence they hoped to make their way to the diggings by overland route. The majority of the miners were American citizens, though a considerable sprinkling of other nationalities gave a strong cosmopolitan colouring to the movement. Here, indeed, was a situation that might



The Hon. Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie in his judicial robes.
B.C. Archives.

lead only too easily to the loss of the territory to the United States.

There was, first of all, the danger of an Indian rising. The natives naturally resented the incursion of large numbers of white men into their ancestral domains. They had come to trust the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company because these men were just and treated them in accordance with their profound knowledge of the Indian character. The Americans, on the other hand, they feared and mistrusted, for word had reached the northern tribes of the bloody wars that had followed the American frontier as it moved west and turned north to the Fraser. Then again there was the grave danger of lawlessness. Though a distinct minority, the gunmen, gamblers and rowdies might get the upper hand as they had done in California and institute a reign of terror.

Either of these possibilities, playing on the jingo sentiments and autonomous tendencies of the Americans, could have only one outcome. As Professor A. S. Morton has pointed out, the miners would organize themselves and call on their mother country for help. Britain would have been powerless to act and there can be no doubt as to the action of the American government. Whether willing or unwilling to intervene, they would have been compelled by public opinion to sweep aside the flimsy barrier of the boundary and extend the border of the republic to the "fifty-four forty" of Polk's election war cry. Had this happened, as it might easily have done, there can be no doubt that the rest of the country west of the lakes would have fallen into American hands.

When it came to appointing a man to act as judge in the new colony, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, secretary of state for the colonies, recognized at once that his choice must be governed by the special

circumstances prevailing in that remote possession. Professional qualifications alone would not suffice to carry a man over those immense distances in the face of every hardship and danger, nor would they dissuade California toughs from resorting to gun and bowie. As Lytton said, the judge must be a man who could, if necessary, truss up a murderer and hang him from the nearest tree. After the qualifications of a number of men had been carefully considered, Sir Hugh Cairns, the solicitor-general, recommended a struggling young barrister with whom he had read law in Lincoln's Inn, a Mr. Matthew Baillie Begbie, whose personal qualities and taste for adventure admirably fitted him for the position.

Born in the tropics in 1819, the eldest son of Colonel Thomas Stirling Begbie, 44th Foot, he had, as he often said, followed the drum from birth. His first schoolmaster was a sergeant and his earliest recollection was of travel on the high seas. Having an aversion for taking life, and strong views about religion, it was not possible for him to follow the family tradition of service in the church or army.

As a mere boy he had manifested such a rare aptitude for mathematics that he was put under a tutor who prepared him for entrance to Cambridge. At the university he was regarded as a coming man who would emerge as senior wrangler, and was practically assured of a fellowship at his college, Peterhouse. Although he had set his heart on this honour, Begbie failed to come near the high place that everyone expected him to take. His undoing, of course, had been his versatility and love of life. He was an all-round athlete, a musician, he drew well, and, above all, he was a *bon vivant*. In the summers, when more serious students were doing their reading, Begbie rambled about eastern Europe, where he appears to have had many a high adventure.

The only profession left open to him was law. After graduating from Cambridge in 1841 he ate dinners at Lincoln's Inn and was called to the bar in 1844. This, of course, was the worst possible time to embark on a career, for England was in the midst of an acute depression which came to be described as the "hungry forties." He had not gained much of a footing in his profession by 1858 and was, no doubt, restless, dissatisfied, and eager for a new start.

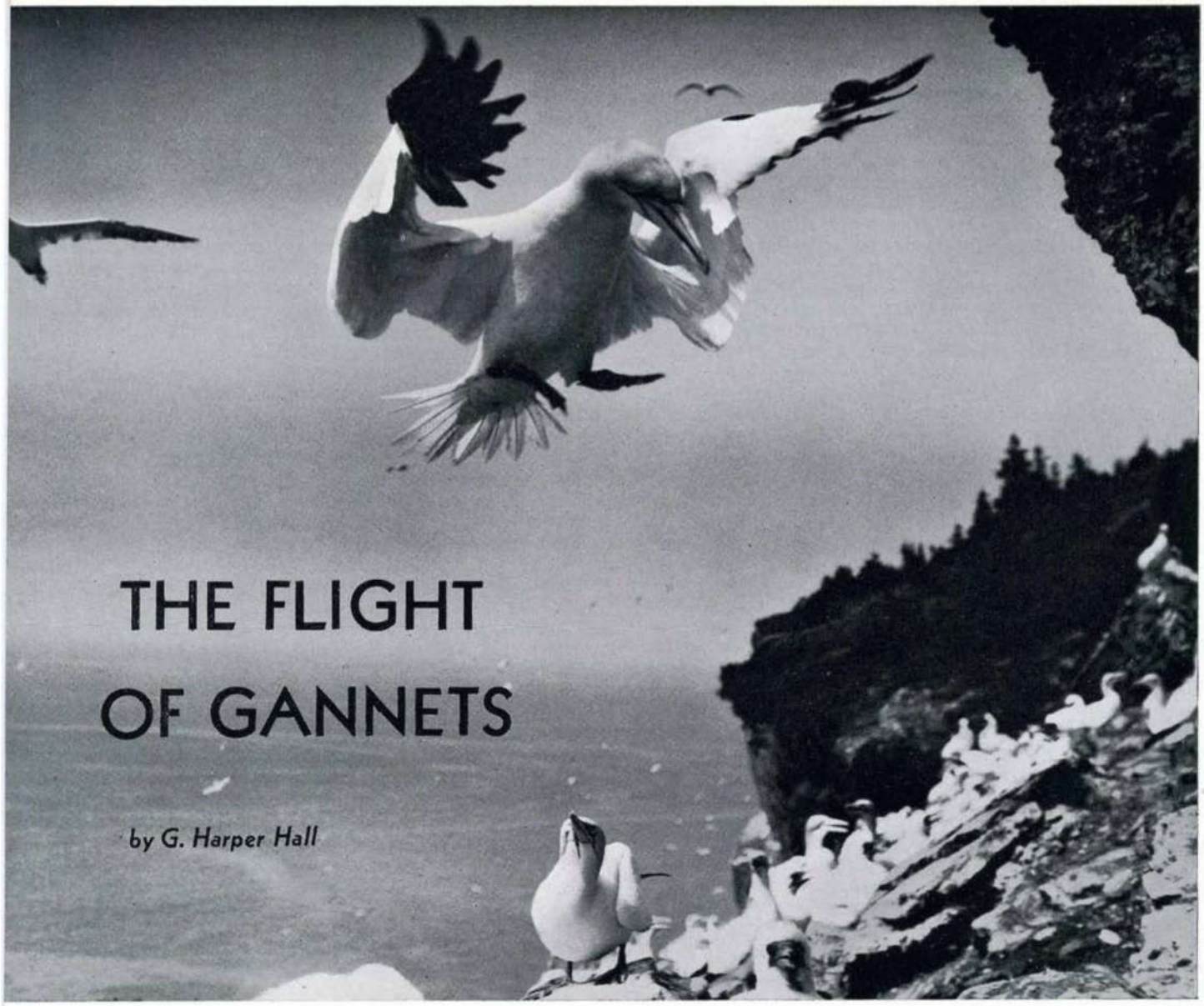
Within a few days of his arrival in B.C. he set about the arduous and dangerous work that lay before him. It was not long before the miners came to entertain a healthy respect for the giant judge. Fearless and incorruptible, he made his name a terror to wrongdoers, who came to fear the lash of his tongue almost as much as the flogging he added to their sentence. "My idea is," he wrote to Douglas, "that if a man insists on behaving like a brute, after fair warning, and won't quit the Colony; treat him like a brute and flog him." Under his iron hand the feud and faction that had overturned the law in California never appeared in British Columbia. The Indians were peaceful. The miners had no cause to call on their mother country for help, and so the colony was kept for Canada when it might easily have become American.

Wherever he held court, whether it was in the official government buildings, in a barn, or astride his horse in the open air, he managed to create the impressive atmosphere of a British court of law. He carried his robes with him and was always clad appropriately to the court over which he happened to preside. In the early days desperadoes sometimes sent him letters threatening his life if he should pass sentence on one of their friends. On these occasions he read the communication to the assembled court, inviting the writer to get on with the shooting. It is related that once while seated on the upper floor of an hotel verandah he overheard a group of toughs laying plans to shoot him as he rode out of town. After listening for some time he went to his room and returned with a pail of slops which he emptied over their heads to show his contempt for them.

From the first, Judge Begbie's courage and powers of endurance caught the popular fancy. The traveller, Cheadle, passed him on horseback at Clinton and paused to jot down in his diary his admiration for the judge. Another traveller, a J. T. Scott, describes meeting him on circuit, trudging waist deep in snow along a mountain crest. One evening, while Begbie sat smoking a cigar in a saloon, a drunken bruiser, stripped to the buff, strode over to him and ordered him to get up and fight. He declined, with some irony. The bully turned to answer a heckler and as he did so a miner stubbed his cigar on his back and ducked into the crowd that had started to gather. Turning round with a yell of anguish, the bruiser made for the judge, who saw that it was useless to try to explain what had happened. Begbie jumped up, sidestepped, and, catching his opponent off balance, knocked him insensible.

It must be admitted that Lytton had appointed the right man. In the early period his personality and methods were well suited to the conditions. He was both lawmaker and lawgiver and sometimes acted as counsel for the defense as well as judge. Later, when barristers began to appear in the courts and began to plead in complicated civil cases, Judge Begbie continued to act as a law unto himself. As a result the colony was in an uproar during assizes and demands were made for his dismissal. But since the merit of his work in the critical days of the gold rush entitles him to a place in history, there is no need to carp and cavil about his conduct in the civil courts. History is better served if we leave him riding up the Cariboo Road, the pockets of his greatcoat bulging with potatoes for his friend, Magistrate O'Reilly, tobacco for Inspector Brew, and perhaps a riband for a lady.

On the right is Begbie's house at Richfield in the Cariboo district during the gold rush days. The other two buildings in the foreground are the court house (left) and the magistrate's residence. B.C. Archives.



THE FLIGHT OF GANNETS

by G. Harper Hall

A gannet applies the brakes hard before landing on a rocky shelf on Bonaventure Island.

THREE miles from the shore at Percé on the Gaspé coast lies the island of Bonaventure, a federal and provincial sanctuary for sea birds. The island in the form of a rugged circle about two and one-half miles in diameter rises at its highest point between 500 and 600 feet above sea level. The northeastern shore is precipitous and jagged, but here lies the chief interest. From April to September the cliffs are literally covered with sea fowl. Quite a number of species are represented, but this is pre-eminently the summer home of the gannet, and Bonaventure Island is not only the most interesting but by far the largest of the few gannet colonies on the North American continent.

The gannet, or as it is sometimes called, the Solan Goose *(Sula bassana)*, is a graceful creature some thirty-four inches in length with a wing spread of over six feet. It is awkward and clumsy on its legs, but one of the most accomplished performers on the wing. The beak is long, powerful and spear shaped, while the jaws extend back beyond the eye uncovered with feathers. The mandibles are slightly serrated on the edges and can inflict a painful wound. The colour of the mature bird is snow white with dark brown tips to the primaries and buff crown shading off at the back of the head.

The birds are plentiful and all sorts of photographs can be obtained, but camera work of real value is by no means easy. The cliffs are practically inaccessible from either sea or land without the aid of ropes, while the conglomerate shale ledges are treacherous and liable to crumble under the feet. One must be sure footed, accustomed to dizzy heights, and above all not forgetful of his position in the excitement of the chase. Cliff photography is not really dangerous, but the rules of the game must be carefully observed. There are times when nerve and physical strength are required, but the greater the difficulties the more fascinating the pastime. Perhaps the most trying experience is to remain perfectly motionless in a cramped position on a narrow ledge for a prolonged period. It is better to be alone, except when a helper is necessary.

The birds themselves, though large and powerful, do not actively resent the presence of the photographer. On one occasion, however, seeing a bird

The tremendous forward thrust of the six-foot wingspread is very evident here.

Surprised by the author when about to land, this bird is turning suddenly and heading out to sea again. Note the young one in the nest.

A near collision results in this striking shot, which shows the enormous wingspread to perfection.

This bird is hovering with no intention of landing.

At one thousandth of a second, Mr. Hall's camera catches some fantastic attitudes as the gannets come in for a landing. This one could be titled "The Choir Master"—though only two of the choristers are showing any response.

making a very interesting landing, I descended the cliff and took up a position just inside a crevasse commanding an excellent view of the particular ledge. Immediately behind me was the nest of another gannet in which there was a down-covered chick. Thinking that the mother, if she returned, would be compelled to land in front of me on account of the narrow entrance, I was comfortably seated with the camera in front of my face and eye at the view finder. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the gannet whose nest I usurped, with unerring accuracy wheeled into the entrance. She struck my chest with terrific force and sent me—camera and all—reeling into a heap of guano. I confess it took a minute or two to realize what had happened. The gannet disappeared like a shadow, leaving only a few feathers behind. The amazing thing was that she manipulated her wings to glide between rocks narrower than the wing spread.

Both the take-off and landing of the gannet are of peculiar interest, and very different from what we read in some books. The wings are unfurled in sequence from the humerus outwards. This is true even when the bird is alarmed, although then the action is far too quick for the eye to perceive. While this is taking place the feet push the body forward and over the cliff till the last contact of the toes with the rock and the unfurling of the pinion at the wrist is simultaneous.

The home-coming is still more interesting. There may first be a few reconnoitering flights over the nest with leisurely wing movements and head and tail depressed forming an arc of a circle. More frequently the bird may come straight in from the sea, and swing up towards the nest, crying loudly and applying the brakes to stop the momentum; the body is raised to an angle of forty-five degrees or more, tail depressed and wings spread. Even the great feet webs are raised and held in a vertical position against the atmosphere. This attitude quickly reduces the speed which is not surprising when we remember that the wing spread is six feet two inches and each foot, having all four toes joined by webs, has an area of 12.75 square inches.

When at last the momentum is broken, there is a curious and rapid movement of the wings that cannot be described in words or followed by the human eye, backward, forward and upwards, the body being nearly vertical. For a second the bird is suspended in the air, the feet are lowered and a beautiful spot landing accomplished.

In photographing birds in flight, especially large species, the angle of view is important. The same position from different angles will frequently give totally different aspects. For instance the first large picture in this series is a side view of practically the same attitude as shown in "The Choir Master." All this has to be borne in mind; and equally important is focus and shutter speed. It requires good judgment as to distance, and those wings move with great rapidity at the tips. All the accompanying illustrations were taken at a speed of 1/1000 of a second. Slower speeds at fairly close range are sure to result in failure.

ROSS MEETS THE NETCHILIKS

Two versions of Sir John Ross's first meeting with the Eskimos of Boothia in 1830, one told by Ross, the other by a modern Eskimo, to whom it was handed down by word of mouth.

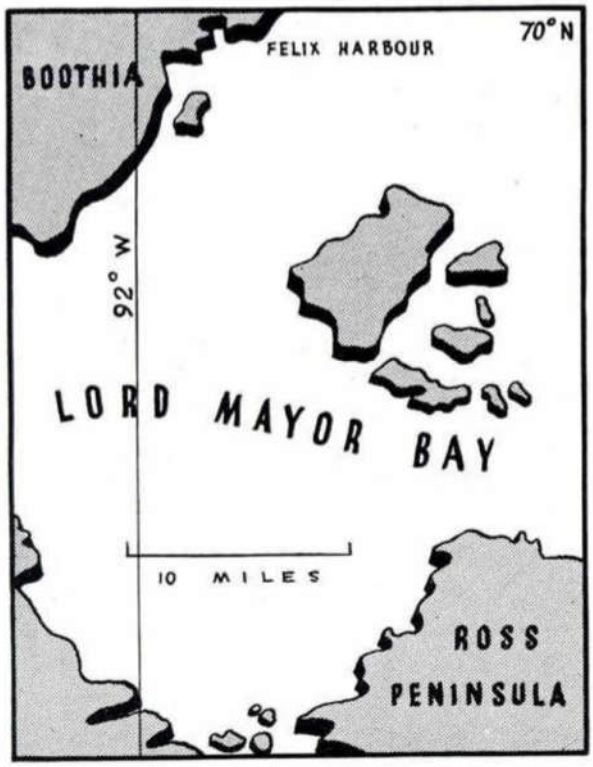
I - by Ohokto

a modern Netchilik, retold in English by L. A. Learmonth.

ON a day in the middle of the winter many years ago, off the north shore of Lord Mayor Bay, south Boothia, in the opening between what is now known as Victory Harbour and Felix Harbour, a number of Boothian (Netchilik) natives were out *aglo* hunting [breathing-hole sealing] as was their habit, when one, Ableelooktook, wandered far to the south of where his companions were hunting, led by his hunting dog straining eagerly at its leash. In permitting the dog to lead him there, Ableelooktook believed the animal had scented a bear. But suddenly he pulled up short because what was that he saw ahead?—strange sight indeed—what appeared to be a house, but not such as he was familiar with, with smoke pouring from its roof and many human beings moving around in its vicinity.

Ohokto, who told this tale to the photographer, L. A. Learmonth.

Felix Harbour and Boothia commemorate Ross's financial backer, Felix Booth.



Not knowing what this strange sight could mean, Ableelooktook was greatly frightened, and without delay took to his heels and made back to the snow village, situated well back in the bay, whose entrance lay between Felix and Victory Harbours. There he arrived as darkness set in, and just as his companions also returned from their hunting.

Soon he had told of his discovery, upon which the whole population of the village quickly gathered together in the large village dance house to discuss the matter. Here the principal Angekok [medicine man] donned his main belt of charms and his cape, made of pieces of white deer belly hide, and without delay got to work. He first took a large deerskin and pegged it to the west wall inside the dance house so as to leave the lower side resting partly on the floor. He then obtained a pair of deerskin pants from one of the men and carefully laid them out on the floor behind the deerskin curtain with legs pointing towards the back wall, then crawled in behind the curtain, ordered all *kudlik* [stone lamp] lights to be extinguished, and the seance was on.

In crawling in behind the curtain the Angekok was careful to follow the direction travelled by the sun and the moon, because they were all afraid, and only thus could contact be established with the spirits it was necessary to consult. To have crawled in behind the curtain in the opposite direction to that travelled by the sun and the moon would have offended the spirits and prevented them from coming to the aid of these sorely troubled people.

As the crowd of scared men, women and children huddled together and anxiously waited in the darkened dance house, the Angekok got in touch with his familiar spirits and through them with all the other spirits that mattered, who all trooped in behind the curtain one after the other. First came those of the Sun, Moon and stars, then that of the giant who lived in the mountains back of Pelly Bay, of Nulaiyuk who controls the spirits of the mammals of the sea, of the deer and the bear and so on, down to even that of the lowly tom cod!

When all the spirits had gathered together under the curtain, they informed the Angekok that the strangers seen by Ableelooktook were white men and that they would welcome a visit by the Eskimos. Then to wind up, the spirits of the white men themselves arrived behind the curtain and invited all the Eskimos to visit their camp at Felix Harbour the following day.

Thus it was the entire population of the village turned out by daybreak the following morning and proceeded to Felix Harbour. When they came in sight of the house [the *Victory* under canvas covers and dismantled] they halted and sent forward Nalungituk to await the arrival of some of the white men who could be seen approaching without knives or spears or anything in their hands. Soon they were all on friendly terms with each other and moved over close to the house, where the boss of the white men came forward and greeted them.

After the second round of greeting was over, the boss [John Ross, presumably] enquired for the man who had been seen near the camp on the previous day as he wished to make him a present. Whereupon Ableelooktook stepped forward and went with him into the house. Once inside the boss handed him an ooloo, a woman's knife, which offended Ableelooktook, because he was a man and a great hunter. What did he want with a woman's knife? So he pointed to a hand saw which was hanging on a nail and indicated he would prefer that to the ooloo. This in turn made the boss angry, and he thereupon took the ooloo back from Ableelooktook, refused him the saw and chased him out of the house.

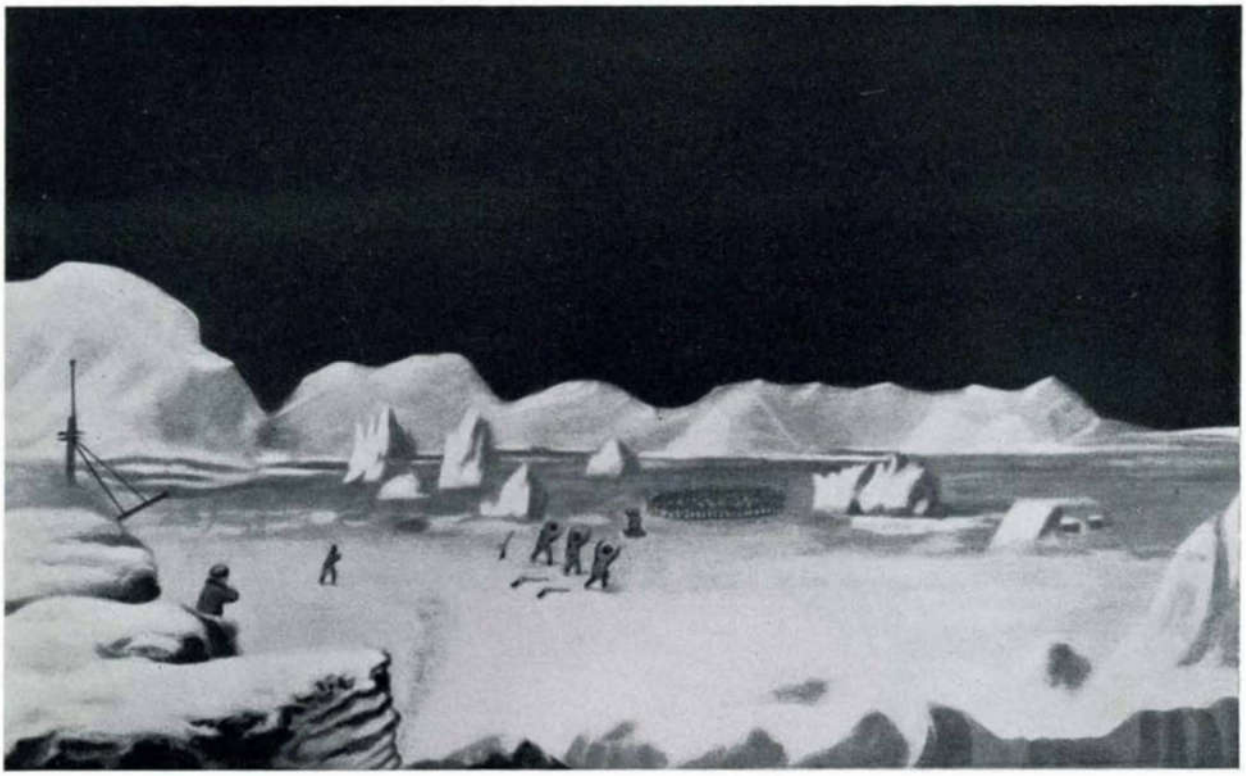
Afterwards the white men made presents of what appears to have been gun caps and what the Eskimos thought must be very small thimbles, and bullets which they afterwards used as sinkers for their fish jigging hooks, and thus ends the story of "Ableelooktook" as told by Ohokto.

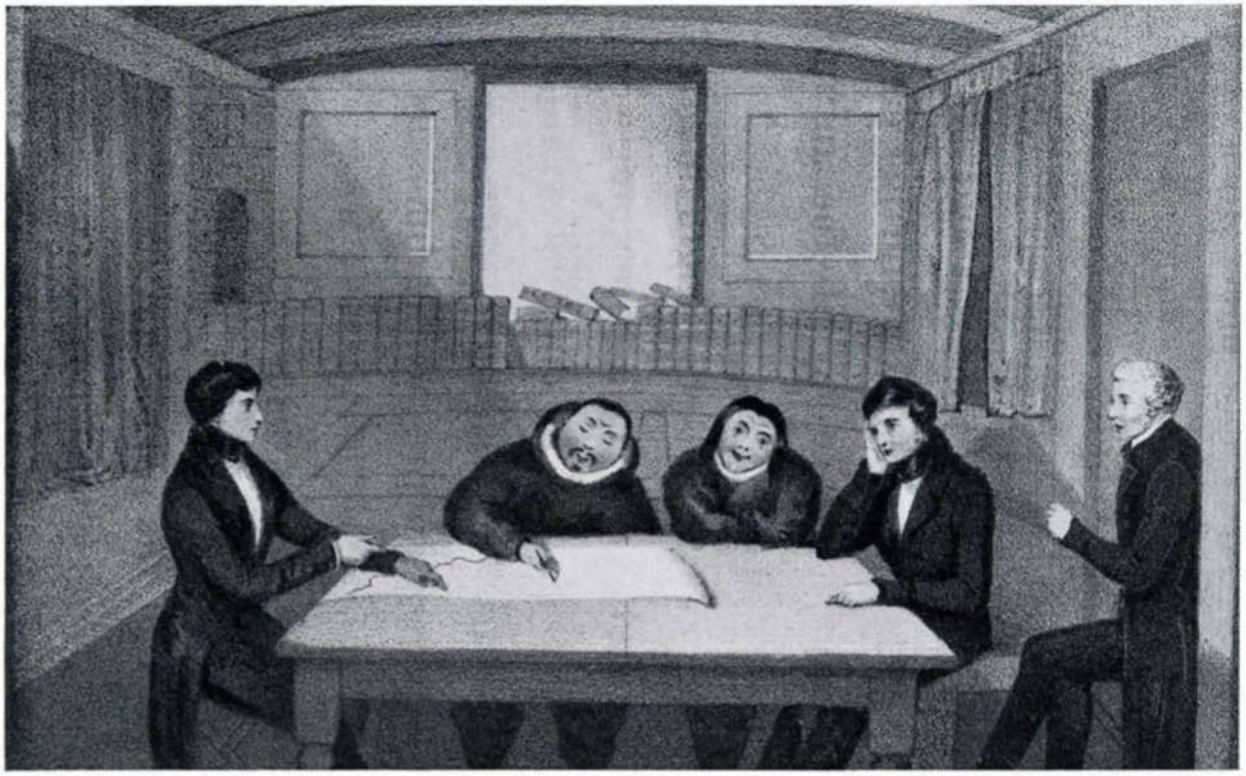
II - by Sir John Ross

from the Narrative of his second Arctic voyage, published in 1835.

GOING on shore this morning, [January 9, 1830], one of the seamen informed me that strangers were seen from the observatory. I proceeded accordingly in the direction pointed out, and soon saw four Esquimaux near a small iceberg, not far from the land, and about a mile from the ship. They retreated behind it as soon as they perceived me; but as I approached, the whole party came suddenly out of their shelter, forming in a body of ten in front and three deep, with one man detached, on the land side, who was apparently sitting in a sledge. I therefore sent back my companion for Commander [James] Ross to join me, together with some

Ross's party throw down their guns as a sign of peace on approaching the Netchiliks. From a coloured plate in Ross's book of 1835, engraved from one of his own sketches.





Two Netchiliks, Ikmallik and Apelagliu, sitting in the officers' cabin on board the *Victory*, draw a map of the surrounding country. From a sketch by Ross.

men, who were directed to keep at a distance behind him. Proceeding then alone, to within a hundred yards, I found that each was armed with a spear and a knife, but saw no bows and arrows.

Knowing that the word of salutation between meeting tribes was *Tima tima*, I hailed them in their own language, and was answered by a general shout of the same kind; the detached man being then called in front of their line. The rest of my party now coming up, we advanced to within sixty yards, and then threw our guns away, with the cry of *Aja, Tima;* being the usual method, as we had learned it, of opening a friendly communication. On this, they threw their knives and spears into the air in every direction, returning the shout *Aja*, and extending their arms to show that they also were without weapons. But as they did not quit their places, we advanced, and embraced in succession all those in the front line, stroking down their dress also, and receiving from them in return this established ceremony of friendship. This seemed to produce great delight, expressed, on all hands, by laughing, and clamour, and strange gestures: while we immediately found ourselves established in their unhesitating confidence.

Commander Ross's experience was here of great use; and, being informed that we were Europeans (Kablunae), they answered that they were men Innuit. Their numbers amounted to thirty-one; the eldest, called Illicta, being sixty-five years of age, six others between forty and fifty, and twenty of them between forty and twenty; the number being made up by four boys. Two were lame, and, with the old man, were drawn by the others on sledges: one of them having lost a leg, from a bear as we understood, and the other having a broken or diseased thigh. They were all well dressed, in excellent deerskins chiefly; the upper garments double and encircling the body, reaching, in front, from the chin to the middle of the thigh, and having a cape behind to draw over the head, while the skirt hung down to the calf of the leg, in a peak not unlike that of a soldier's coat of former days. The sleeves covered the fingers; and, of the two skins which composed all this, the inner one had the hair next the body, and the outer one in the reverse direction. They had two pairs of boots on, with the hairy side of both turned inwards, and above them, trousers of deerskin, reaching very low on the leg; while some of them had shoes outside of their boots, and had sealskins, instead of those of deer, in their trousers.

With this immense superstructure of clothes, they seemed a much larger people than they really were. All of them bore spears, looking not much unlike a walking stick, with a ball of wood or ivory at one end, and a point of horn at the other. On examining the shafts, however, they were found to be formed of small pieces of wood, or of the bones of animals, joined together very neatly. The knives that we first saw, consisted of bone or reindeer's horn, without point or edge, forming a very inoffensive weapon; but we soon discovered that each of them had, hanging at his back, a much more effective knife pointed with iron, and some also edged with that metal. One of them proved also to be formed of the blade of an English claspknife, having the maker's mark on it, which had been so fixed as to be converted into a dagger.

This was a proof of communication with the tribes that trade with Europeans, if that was not the case with themselves. Commander Ross did not indeed

recognize among them any of his former acquaintances, while he was evidently unknown to them; but when he mentioned the names of places in Repulse bay, they immediately understood him and pointed in that direction. He could also make out that they had come from the southward, and had seen the ship the day before, that their huts were at some distance to the northward, and that they had left them only in the morning.

Having no foresight of these visitors, we had of course no presents at hand for them, and we therefore sent a man to the ship for thirty-one pieces of iron hoop, that there might be a gift for each individual. But, in the mean time, they consented to accompany us on board, and we soon arrived at our snow wall. At this they expressed no surprise; it was, indeed, too much like their own work to excite any; nor did they show any of those marks of astonishment, at either the ship itself or the quantity of wood and iron before them, which we had found among the northern savages of Baffin's bay in 1818. It was evident that they were no strangers to even an abundance of these materials.

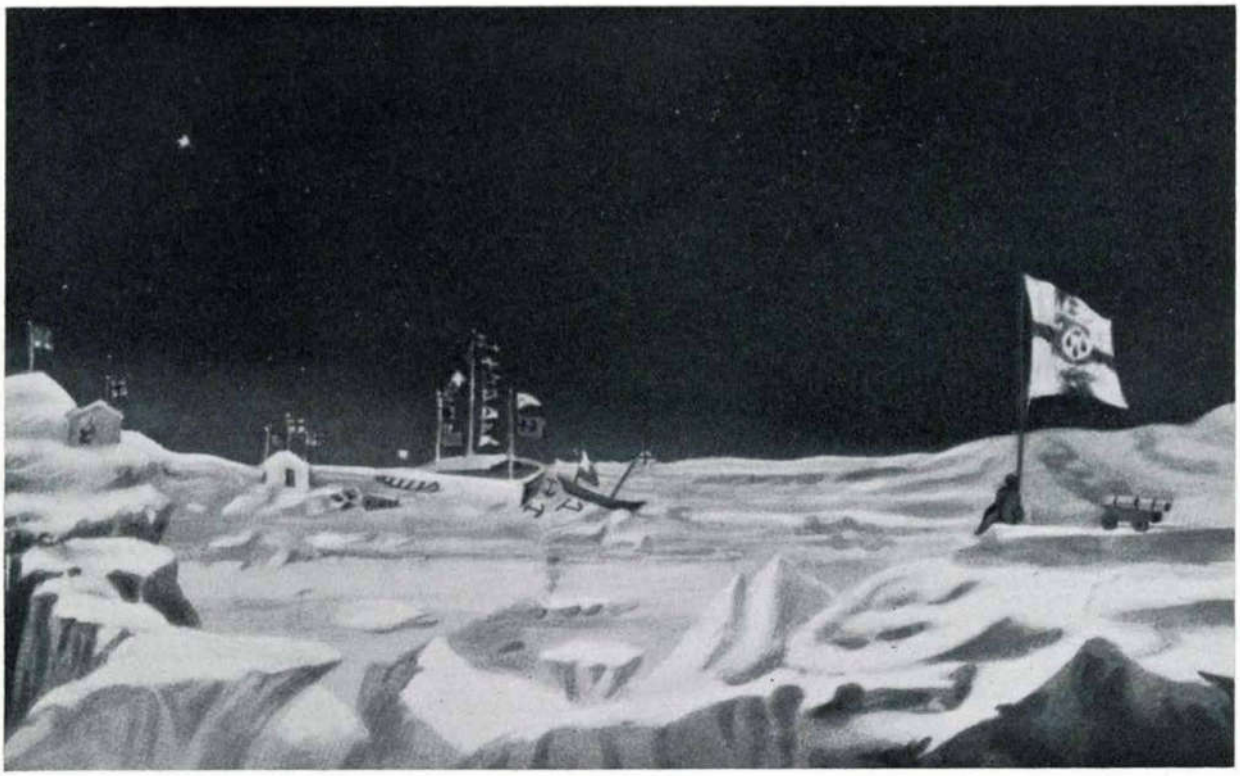
The present of the iron excited universal delight. In return, they offered us their spears and knives, which, to their equal astonishment and satisfaction, we refused. We could now easily see that their appearance was very superior to our own; being at least as well clothed, and far better fed; with plump cheeks, of as rosy a colour as they could be under so dark a skin.

Their sledges were singularly rude; the sides consisting of pieces of bone tied round and enclosed by a skin, and the cross bars on the top being made of the fore legs of a deer. One of them was but two feet long, and fourteen inches wide, the others were between three and four feet in length. On the under part of the runner, there was a coating of ice attached to the skin, rendering their motion very easy.

Three of the men were, after this, introduced into the cabin, where, at length, they showed abundant signs of wonder. The engravings, representing their countrymen, selected from the several former voyages, gave them great delight, as they instantly recognised them to be portraits of their own race. The looking-glasses, as usual, were, however, the chief source of astonishment, as, especially, was a sight of themselves in our largest mirror. Scarcely less surprise was excited by the lamp and the candlesticks; but they never once showed a desire to possess themselves of any thing; receiving, merely, what was offered, with signs of thankfulness that could not be mistaken. They did not relish our preserved meat; but one who ate a morsel seemed to do it as a matter of obedience, saying it was very good, but admitting, on being cross questioned by Commander Ross, that he had said what was not true; on which, all the rest, on receiving permission, threw away what they had taken. But the same man, on being offered some oil, drank it with much satisfaction, admitting that it was really good.

In succession, three more were treated in the same manner, while the first set proceeded to amuse the rest with what they had seen. A short race was also run between one of them and an officer of our party; but with so much and such equal politeness on both sides, that there was no victor to be declared. The violin being afterwards produced, they joined our men in dancing; and thus seemed, whether it was the fact or not, to have a much greater relish for music than had generally been found among the tribes by our predecessors.

Ross's picture of Felix Harbour, with all flags flying on Christmas Day, 1829. The white spot at upper left is the planet Venus.



CHILDREN OF THE PIONEERS

by Corday Mackay

THE "Indian Countries" is a term one often encounters in reading the old journals and letters of the early fur traders of the west. "Canada" at that time lay entirely to the east of the Great Lakes. All west and north of that, to the far distant Pacific and Arctic oceans, was called the "Indian Countries." History texts are apt to leave the impression that voyageurs and factors pushed out alone into this vast area, to barter for furs and return shortly with their prize. Such was not the case, however. Posts were established in the wilderness and buildings were erected. For months or years at a time the officers and men of the Hudson's Bay Company lived at these forts with the Indians as their only neighbours. To many of them the West was a land of exile—vast, lonely and inhospitable. They thought and wrote much of promotion ("getting the parchment") and of "going out" for their furloughs. To bring any of their own women folk to share their fate was unthinkable. Small wonder then, that, in the cruel isolation in which they were forced to dwell, they began the practice of taking Indian wives.

The reasons which lay behind this custom, other than those of sentiment and loneliness, are frankly discussed in Harmon's Journal. Harmon was a partner in the North West Company and published his journal in 1820 after nineteen years of travelling in the west. At that time, according to his observations, there were, in the numerous forts of the company, about twelve hundred women and children either wholly or in part of Indian extraction. There were probably as many in the forts of the rival company, the Hudson's Bay. It was sometimes thought "good business" to have family ties, especially with a tribal chief. Moreover, it gave the factor an easy means of learning the language and customs of the country. The children resulting from these unions continued to reside in the post and were fed, if not clothed, by the Company, even after the father, as he often did, had retired to the civilized world. This soon became a fairly heavy burden. So much so that in time a rule had to be made that no man in the service of the Company could take an Indian woman to live in the fort as there were "a sufficient number of mixed blood already connected with the tribe."

While many of these marriages ("according to the custom of the country") were ephemeral, others proved life-long. Of the latter, Harmon's own union is an example. He at first refused the overtures of several chiefs who wished him to take their daughters, even though he lost by his refusal not only the father's furs, but also those of his bands. Later he consented to take a girl of about fourteen years of age. As he said, in excuse, it was "customary for all gentlemen who remain for any length of time in this part of the world, to have a female companion, with whom they can pass their time more socially and agreeably, than to live a lonely life, as they must do, if single. If we can live in harmony together my intention now is, to

Chief Factor William Connolly and his half-breed daughter Amelia, who became Lady Douglas, wife of the governor of British Columbia.
Courtesy Chas. Gaudet, K.C., and B.C. Archives.

keep her as long as I remain in this uncivilized part of the world; and when I return to my native land I shall endeavour to place her under the protection of some honest man. . . ."

This apparently was the intention of many men of the Indian Countries. Some of them did make provision for their native companions and their off-spring. Others abandoned them heartlessly. Harmon was one of the former. He appears to have become attached to his wife, and his journal records the birth of his children faithfully.

On Friday, December 4, 1807, he records: "Early this morning the woman whom I have taken to reside with me became the mother of a boy whom I name George Harmon."

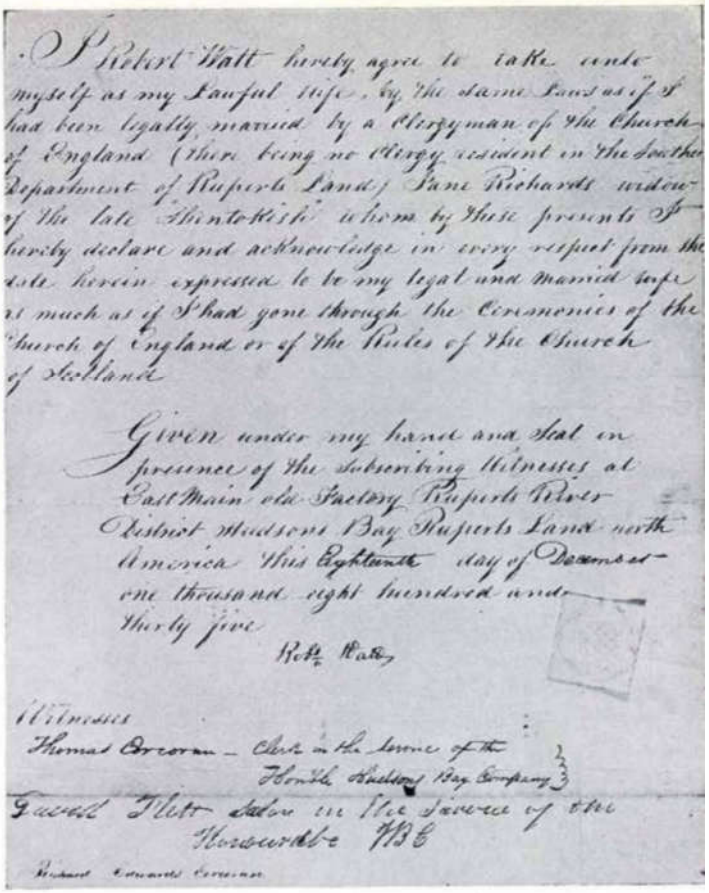
He seems very soon to have changed his mind about an impermanent union, for three years later he says, "To-morrow I shall leave this place [Stuart Lake] in company with Mr. Quesnel and others for McLeod's Lake. I shall take with me my little son, George, who was three years old last December, for the purpose of sending him to my friends in the United States in order that he may receive an English education." One can picture the journey of that child, little more than an infant, travelling by canoe and portage, with rough Canadian voyageurs. The dangers of rapids, the winds and storms, hostile tribes and disease, all had to be faced. Small wonder that the fond parent was filled with despair. "It may be, I shall never see him, in this world," he records in his journal.

The desire to do the duty of a Christian father, however, was paramount in the minds of such men as Harmon. The children must be "sent out." As not infrequently happened, there was a melancholy sequel to this tale. On Dec. 14th, 1813, the entry reads: "On the 1st inst. I set out for McLeod's Lake, and there I received several letters from my brother below—which announce the truly afflicting intelligence, that my son George is no longer to be numbered among the living!" A whole nine months had gone by before the parents had learned of their child's death. The journal gives a heart-breaking description of the agony of the Indian mother when her husband told her the news.

In 1819 Harmon announced his intention of visiting his native land and of taking his family with him. He planned to make the mother of his children his wife by a formal marriage. That this is a change from his first intentions he admits, but as he says: "How could I spend my days in the civilized world, leaving my beloved children in the wilderness? The thought has in it the bitterness of death. How could I tear them from a mother's love, and leave her to mourn over their absence to the day of her death?"

The Harmon family set out for Canada and our story leaves them there, safely started on the journey to civilization.

It is not until later that we come to a well-known example of the question of the legality of such western marriage contracts and the legitimacy of the children. In legal circles it became known as the Connolly-Woolrich case. It involved the desertion or repudiation of an Indian partner and a subsequent marriage to a white woman. William Connolly, by his own account, a lad of seventeen, a clerk in the service of the fur trade, married a Cree girl of 15 years, Susanne "Pas-de-Nom." The marriage was celebrated according to the usage and customs of the territories, there being no priests or ministers, not to say magistrates, in the country. After living for thirty years with his Indian



I Robert Watt hereby agree to take unto myself as my Lawful wife, by the same Laws as if I had been legally married by a Clergyman of the Church of England (there being no Clergy resident in the Southern Department of Rupert's Land) Jane Richards widow of the late Shentokish whom by these presents I hereby declare and acknowledge in every respect from the date herein expressed to be my legal and married wife as much as if I had gone through the Ceremonies of the Church of England or of the Rules of the Church of Scotland

Given under my hand and Seal in presence of the Subscribing Witnesses at East Main old Factory Rupert's River District Hudsons Bay Rupert's Land north America this Eighteenth day of December one thousand eight hundred and thirty five

Robt Watt

Witnesses
Thomas Corcoran Clerk in the Service of the Honble Hudsons Bay Company
Jacob Fleet Sailor in the Service of the Honourable HBC

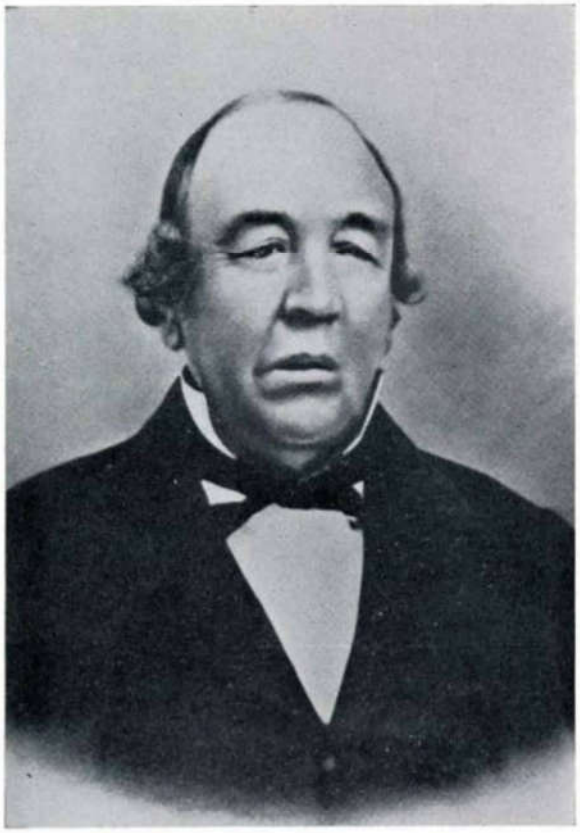
A fur trade marriage contract of 1835, in which Robert Watt of Old Factory, James Bay, agrees to marry Jane Richards, widow of "Shentokish."

wife, Connolly returned to Montreal and there married his cousin, Julia Woolrich. He appears to have prospered, and died, a man of property, in 1849. Previous to his death he had placed his Indian children and their mother in a convent in the Red River and paid for their support. One of these children, a son John, sued for a portion of his father's property and the Canadian courts upheld his case, thus proving that the marriages of the Indian country could be held to be legal.

This story is all the more interesting for the fact that Amelia, one of the daughters of Connolly and Susanne Pas-de-Nom, afterwards became the wife of Sir James Douglas, "Father of British Columbia."

About this time the Honourable Company itself arranged a marriage certificate designed, no doubt, to make the unions between its servants and Indian women more binding. This was the next step in the legalizing of such marriages and as a protection for the offspring. In 1840 this type of marriage was apparently preferred by those of Protestant faith to a ceremony performed by a Roman Catholic priest.

In the famous Ermatinger papers and letters now in the B.C. archives we get many more glimpses into the family life of the Honourable Company's officers living in the posts in New Caledonia. These letters were written from Fort Colville, Fort Vancouver, Fort Langley and Fort Simpson by several of the factors then in charge of those posts. Their recipient was a Mr. Edward Ermatinger of St. Thomas, Ontario. He had been at one time in the West but had removed to the East and there become a prominent figure. Through all the letters there runs a similar vein, the problem of the proper rearing of their children in this "savage" country.



Chief Factor John Work used to take his family along on his expeditions to California and up the B.C. coast. B.C. Archives.

In 1844 a letter from John Work runs: "The fear of their not being properly looked after during my absence has been in part the cause of my not having gone home before now. Would to God, slender as my means are, that I had them in some part of the civilized world." In November 1846 the theme is the same. "The want of a suitable place to leave my family deters me from executing my long cherished plan of visiting home. . . . Would to God I had my family all with me in the civilized world." In 1847 the lament is unvaried. "I am getting old and must very soon look out for a home to leave my wife and little ones in when it shall please God to take me from them. I wish fervently I had them all with me in some part of the civilized world, slender as my means are."

The problem of the education of his children was always paramount in Work's mind. He had eleven children altogether, eight girls and three boys, born between the years 1827 and 1849. During much of this time he was making arduous trips for the Company on the Pacific Coast as far south as California. On some of these he was accompanied by his whole family, facing the perils of those days. At other times he left them at Port Simpson. Here there was no school, so he sent his two elder girls, Jane and Sarah, to Oregon, where they lived for a year with a Methodist missionary. Later their father attempted their education himself at home. In 1849 he retired to Fort Victoria, where, one is glad to read, he acquired property and built the home of his dreams in a part of the "civilized" world. Here his younger children were suitably educated at the schools already being established there.

The letters of Archibald McDonald, chiefly from Fort Langley, also report a rapidly increasing family, in his case chiefly boys. In 1842 he says: "With my whole brood of ten, I think I cannot in one instance come within weeks to any one of the numerous progeny of good George the third. Our last, another boy, is now about six months old. His twin brothers are very fine little fellows, now that they begin to speak becoming exceedingly interesting. In features, voice, height and colour of hair they are so alike, as scarcely to know the difference, and to mend the matter the mother, to a thread, keeps them in the same garb."

He goes on with an amusing description of their play which suggests that children of those days in that lonely world were very little different from those of a later age:

"Were you at this moment to see them assisted by an older brother going five years, who thinks himself amazingly wise, with tables, chairs, sofas, cushions, tongs, broomsticks, cats, dogs and all other imaginable things, they can lay hands on, strewed around me you would say 'twas a delightful confusion and then say, 'McDonald how the deuce can you write with such a racket about you?' So much for the nursery."

With the arrival of white settlers on the coast, the problem of educating the children became even more urgent. Before that the Red River Settlement had been the educational centre. To it by canoe and portage children had been sent to get their schooling. (See Dec. 1947 *Beaver*, p. 34.)

The Ermatinger letters are full of references to the plans for sending the boys and girls to these schools and the expense it entailed. The fathers, apparently, did all they could to teach their offspring at home. Then, if they showed promise, sent them east, or even, at times, to England. A glimpse of home instruction is given in one of Mr. McDonald's letters from Fort Langley in 1831. "Now two words about Jenny and the boys and then to a close. . . . Be it known to you that she brought her third son to this world on the 28th of October last and that she is becoming an excellent scholar." Thus the mother mixed child bearing, household cares and studies, learning side by side with her children, driven on, one would infer, by a desire to be a more worthy partner to her husband.

In 1833 McDonald wrote: "Jenny is very well and desires to be kindly remembered to you . . . she has now her 4th boy so that with herself and Toole [Ranald] at the head of the class I am in a fair way of having a thriving school—but this blasted coast business will put an end to this agreeable and interesting pastime. They must all be moved on to Klyne [their grandfather] and then to the Red River New Academy."

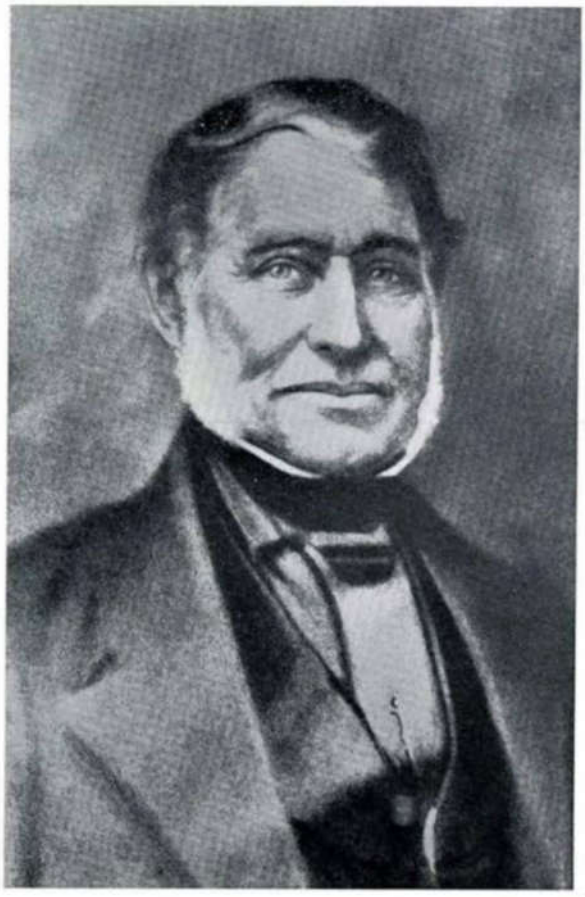
For information concerning their children, and the whole problem of what to make of them, the McDonald letters are the most enlightening. McDonald clearly was a scholarly man with sound judgment. He entertained no illusions about the inheritance of his children. They might develop unsatisfactory traits. But the duty of a father was to make provision for them. For, as he realized, such offspring were only too often "let loose upon the wild wide world while young, without guide or protection (but always brimful of his own importance) to spend money and contract habits at his own free will and pleasure. The melancholy examples resulting from this blind practice are, I am sorry to say only too common—much better to dream of less—to set ourselves down with them and to

endeavour to bring them up in habits of industry economy and morality, than to aspire to all this visionary greatness for them. All the wealth of Rupert's Land will not make a half breed either a good parson, a shining lawyer or an able physician, if left to his own discretion while young. With this impression I am myself for being off with them as soon as possible. Three of them are at present at the Red River Academy. Ranald*, or if you will have it, Toole, was removed from Pritchards last summer and now costs me 30 pounds a year."

In 1845 McDonald retired with his family to Montreal and writes: "I am now with all my family about me in Montreal. My oldest son that was an amateur geologist up at Lake Superior last season is now bound for four years to a Civil Engineer here and all the others are at school except Benjamin and the little fellow who came to the world the other day, for I am now at a loss for a name, having beat the good old patriarch himself—in boys if not in girls."

Charles Ross, factor at Fort Victoria in 1844, ventured to send three of his children to England. He allotted one hundred pounds a year for their maintenance and wrote in detail to Sir George Simpson asking him to supply them with any necessities they required. He was rather definitely censured by the Governor in the latter's reply dated June 20, 1844. "Considering the state of your finances," the great man wrote, "you must really be a very bold man to send three children to England for the benefit of education and I much fear they will cost you far more than you seemed to count on or can afford. The cost of maintenance and education will, of course, depend entirely on the description of school at which they

Chief Factor Archibald McDonald, who "beat the good old patriarch himself—in boys if not in girls."



The marriage certificate of Archibald McKinlay and Peter Skene Ogden's daughter Julia, signed at Fort Vancouver in 1840 by John McLoughlin, and by Archibald McDonald as a witness. B.C. Archives.

may be placed; but, if at all respectable, they will most unquestionably cost you much more than a hundred pounds per annum; I think you would have done much better to send them to a Red River school, which is really by no means contemptible and when they would have cost you but 30 pounds per annum covering all charges.

But in spite of expense the parents persisted in their efforts to give their children the best. McDonald, indeed, seems to have had his fears. In 1843 he wrote to Ermatinger: "Edward, we are all most unfortunate parents. Instance the awful shock of mind our old friend the Doctor lately experienced from the irregular and inveterate habits of his unhappy son John after spending two thousand pounds on his education in foreign lands too." This is a reference to the sad tale of John, son of Chief Factor McLoughlin. He had been educated abroad and years later was sent to take charge of a post on the Stikine. There in 1842 he had been murdered, reputedly in a drunken brawl.

Few of the educational experiments ended so unhappily, however. Most of the children, as the letters testified, repaid their parents in full measure for the years of anxiety and care. The daughters became the wives of the new settlers; the sons often entered the professions and made careers for themselves. In British Columbia Sir James Douglas took up the school question and dealt with it ably as he did with so many colonial problems of his day. A school was established for what he called "children of the labouring classes" as well as the Company's school for the factors' families, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Staines. The Indian country was being invaded, settled and civilized. Instead of travelling hundreds of miles (or even thousands) to the east, the children might travel only a hundred or so to Fort Victoria, or, if living there, walk a mile or two to receive their education. Thus in fifty years or less many of the terrors of the great lone land had been in part subdued. The future of its children was assured.

*Ranald, who later became famous for his visit to Japan, was the son of McDonald's first wife, Princess Sunday, daughter of Chief Com-Comly, who died shortly after giving birth to her firstborn.

TRAGEDY ON THE LIARD

by Frank H. Ellis

An account of the earliest air search and rescue in the Yukon Territory.

THE merciless power which nature holds over humans lost or marooned in the North, and the bitter struggle for life which results, has occasioned many desperate experiences in Canadian history; but few of these stories hold more tragedy or heroism than the disappearance of the Burke party in the Yukon wilderness, and the search by air and final rescue of two survivors.

Since this affair took place, nearly eighteen years ago, flying throughout the North has become almost commonplace; but when Burke and two companions vanished en route from the Liard post to Atlin on October 11, 1930, flying in that rugged, unsurveyed and unmapped area was beset with tremendous risk.

Prospector Robert Martin had chartered a float-equipped Junkers monoplane at Atlin, and had been flown to the Liard post on October 10 by pilot Paddy Burke, accompanied by engineer Emil Kading. On the 11th, the men left on a flight which should have carried them back to Atlin, via Teslin, Gladys and Surprise Lakes, but before they could fly over the mountains they were engulfed in a dense snow-storm, and Burke turned back to the Liard river to avoid getting lost. As the storm increased, he decided to land on the river, and once safely down they spent the night there.

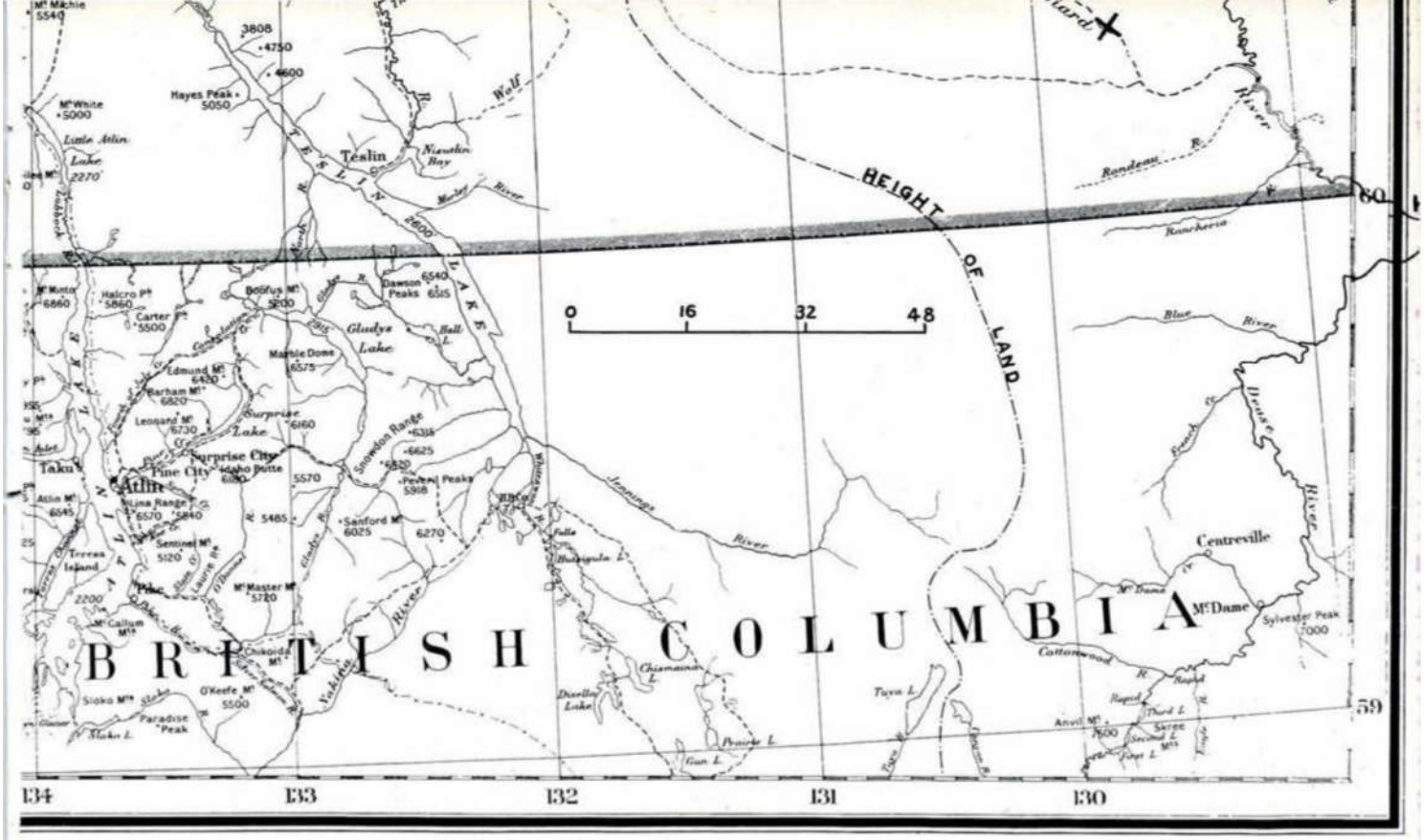
It was snowing heavily when they took off the following day, and fifteen minutes later, Burke was again obliged to land on the river, as visibility was zero. Misfortune overtook them then. Rocks below the surface ripped the pontoons so severely they were forced to run close in shore as the floats became waterlogged; but the precipitous banks precluded any possibility of getting the aircraft clear of the water to effect repairs.

Their predicament gave no cause for alarm because Burke had left standing instructions with his wife at Atlin that she should notify the owners of the machine, the Airline Manufacturing Company of Vancouver, anytime he became too long overdue on a flight over the mountains. Expecting a rescue plane along within a week, they didn't worry; but to be on the safe side, they went on rations of three cupfuls of beans a day per man, together with a little tea. Emergency supplies were small, and they were ill equipped for a lengthy stay. Of the three eiderdown sleeping bags they had, one only was of winter weight. They also possessed an axe, and a 30-30 rifle (for which there were only twelve shells), and a few cooking and eating utensils. Grub was light, consisting of 51 lbs. each of beans and rice, 3 tins of bully beef, 1 lb. of tea, 3 lbs. of sugar, 3 tins of dried vegetables, 2 lbs. of butter, 3 lbs. of raisins and six chocolate bars. Scant fare for three men stranded in the wilds with winter fast approaching. Two hundred feet of rope and the engine tools completed their entire stock.

Kading hunted each day but saw no signs of game. By the 17th their food had diminished alarmingly and a consultation was held. The engineer suggested making a raft to float to the nearest habitation, many miles downstream. Lack of nails meant that logs would have to be bound together with rope, which would not last long in the rock strewn river, and as neither Burke nor Martin could swim, the idea was abandoned. It was then decided to leave a message explaining that they had set off on foot for "Junkers Lake" at the Liard headwaters, where a food cache was known to have been left.

Uncertain of their exact whereabouts, they estimated the distance to be about twenty-five miles from where they were stranded; but they grossly misjudged, and apparently they did not fully realize the merciless grip of winter was setting about them.

The crippled Junkers on the Liard. Kading stands on the wing, and on the right is Paddy Burke. This is the last picture ever taken of him.
From E. Kading.



X marks the spot on the Liard where the three men abandoned their machine. This map is exactly similar to that used by Burke and Wasson. Note the dotted lines of rivers and the blank between the Liard post and Teslin Lake.

From Junkers Lake they planned to continue to Wolf Lake, where there was an Indian encampment, but that was not to be. A simple message was carved on a blazed tree, stating their plans and that they were short of food. On October 17, they set off to meet whatever fate held in store.

Since they had landed, snow had fallen to a depth of many feet, and they were without snowshoes. The river was still open, which forced them to travel along the shore, ploughing along as best they could. Snow was eight feet deep in places, and powder dry. Weak as they were from undernourishment and exertion, progress was painfully slow. Lugging along their sleeping bags, rifle, axe, an empty fuel can, and the food which remained, they made less than four miles the first day. Day after day they toiled, to lie down completely exhausted each night, with spruce boughs beneath for beds.

A week of this, and Burke played out, unable to carry on; so they then decided to just sit tight and hope for the best.

October 24 saw the last morsel of food consumed, and unbelievable as it may seem, from then until November 15, their only food was one small duck and four tiny pine squirrels!

Kading hunted valiantly each day, but deep snow prevented travel far from camp. Game didn't exist, no tracks were seen, the white and lonely forest seemed devoid of all living things. But on November 15 fortune favoured them, when a caribou came within two hundred feet of their camp. With extraordinary marksmanship, considering his weakened condition, Kading brought it down with a single shot.

Burke was failing fast, and although his companions made nourishing soup for him, the food came too late.

With only the faltering glow of the camp fire to cast its weak rays on the scene amidst the overwhelming blackness of that winter forest, and with his helpless friends standing worn and haggard by his side, Paddy Burke died in his sleeping bag.

With what strength they could muster, Martin and Kading fashioned a crib of logs, and placing Burke inside, with his sleeping bag as a shroud, they muttered a brief prayer and covered him up.

His boots were hung on a nearby tree and in one a note was placed; and a pathetic missive it was. It read: "*Paddy Burke died November 20, 6.30 p.m. cause sickness from lack of food, having been 23 days without same. Please pardon our poor efforts as we are in a sinking condition. Expect to leave here Sunday, November 23, for Wolf Lake, following the Liard River until Caribou Creek. Hope we can make same. Snow very deep and no snowshoes. Bob Martin, Emil Kading.*" A brave message for men to write who knew that death was trailing closely at their heels.

Taking what meat they could carry, they got on the move, but the faith of their intentions was stronger than their bodies. They made only five miles before they, too, played out; and beyond further effort in any direction, they came to a stop to await what seemed certain death from cold and starvation.

Throughout their weeks of ordeal, no sound of an aircraft engine had come to them through the winter silence. Although they had prepared for signal fires when camped, the first time a plane was spotted, flying very high, was on November 24, and by the time smoke could be sent aloft the craft had long passed from sight.

Almost too weak to obtain wood for their fire, they conserved what energy remained by staying in their sleeping bags from 2.00 p.m. each day until 8.00 a.m. the next morning. Martin's toes were badly frost-bitten; and no wonder, for both men were wearing

ordinary leather boots, unfit for such conditions and temperatures.

As they lay in their sleeping bags eighteen hours each day, surrounded by the stillness and the bitter cold, without hope, and far from their fellow men, their thoughts can scarcely be imagined; yet they bore up under the strain as only fictional heroes are supposed to do.

Winter came early to the North that year, and even at the date of their landing, many of the smaller lakes were already frozen over. Their troubles came at the dangerous in-between flying season, when weeks may pass while climatic and ground conditions make flying operations extremely hazardous.

When her husband failed to return to Atlin, Mrs. Burke had notified the Vancouver office; but lengthy delay was occasioned before a machine set off from Vancouver. It was piloted by R. I. Van der Byl, with W. A. Joerss and Engineer T. H. Cressy aboard. They flew as far as Thudade Lake, north of Hazelton, B.C., where, due to various causes, their attempt was abandoned.

The Airline Manufacturing Company then contacted the Yukon Tredwell Company of Whitehorse, requesting one of their planes to take up the search. They also got in touch with a pilot named Dorbrandt of International Airways, who was en route from Seattle to Cordova, Alaska. Dorbrandt reached Atlin on October 26, and made a number of flights in the vicinity in an endeavour to locate the missing plane. These were the first such flights made, but unfortunately he was forced to abandon his efforts, as numerous prospectors were awaiting his coming at isolated points, and their lives depended on being flown out on schedule.

Arrangements at last culminated in pilot Everett L. Wasson of the Yukon Tredwell Company taking up the search, and with his machine, *Claire*, he began a chain of hazardous flights which continued right into December.

In the meantime, Sam Clerf, a prospector friend of Burke's and Martin's, had reached Vancouver by boat from Skagway, en route to San Francisco to see his wife and new-born son. As soon as he learned that Burke and the others were missing, he put aside his southern trip, and chartering a plane from Alaska Airways, set off into the North again to seek his friends. With him were Pat Renahan, the pilot, and Frank Hatcher, engineer.

Well equipped, all went well with them until they left Butedale, B.C., for Prince Rupert on November 4. If fate had decreed it, these men would surely have found the missing men. Clerf knew the northern B.C. wilderness as well as any living man, having prospected there for years, while Renahan and Hatcher were old hands at flying in the North. Such, however, was not to be. Somewhere on the hop to Prince Rupert, in heavy fog, they and their machine vanished from the ken of man, and only one wheel, washed up on a small island, was ever found to mark their passing. It was fairly conclusive proof that they perished in the sea, but an intensive search by R.C.A.F. aircraft found no other trace.

Wasson's first search flight was in a float-equipped machine, and when he arrived over the Liard post, winter conditions there made it impossible for him to land. He wrote a note to post manager Osborne, and dropped it, asking him to write on the snow if Burke had been there. The reply soon was etched on the white surface: "Yes," followed with, "Burke left here Oct. 11 for Teslin, Teslin." The latter word was printed twice.

The men who rescued the missing party—Joe Walsh (left) and Pilot Everett Wasson. E. Kading.

Thus destiny does its work. The word "Teslin" was incorrect, and should have been Atlin; but Osborne thought it right, as only once before in all Burke's trips over that route had he failed to call at Teslin on return trips to Atlin. Days of vital effort thus were wasted while Wasson covered hundreds of square miles vainly searching areas far from the route the missing men had flown.

Conditions finally made it imperative to fly to Mayo to have skis fitted to the aircraft in place of floats. There Wasson enlisted the aid of Joe Walsh to fly with him, as the latter was one of the country's most experienced guides. Previously Wasson had flown alone. With full winter equipment obtained from Whitehorse, the daring pair set off on November 12 to make a more systematic search of the area between the Liard post and Atlin.

First trace of Burke's plane came when they landed on the lower Liard near the mouth of the Frances River, and hope rose at last when they learned from Indians that a "big white swan" had flown up river several weeks before.

Flying conditions were vicious, with snow storms an hourly occurrence, and as a consequence innumerable landings had to be made, many in desperately dangerous surroundings.

On one such landing, ten attempts to take off were required before they could get away from the deep snow of an unnamed lake where they had spent the night. Often, the two men, wearing snowshoes, were obliged to tramp laboriously to make a semblance of a runway, and once, on a take off, Walsh ran alongside the open door of the cabin until the lifting wings gave the machine sufficient speed. Dragged off his feet, he struggled into the cabin as best he could, as the plane took to the air. With snowshoes on, it was anything but easy.

So the search went on. On November 24, and again on December 4, the fliers made complete return trips from the Liard post to the headwaters of the river. It was on the first of these that their machine had been glimpsed by Martin and Kading while on their last trekking efforts.

It was on this date, too, that the airmen spotted a peculiar shadow on the surface of the snow-covered river, and going down closer, the glint of metal caught their eyes. So the stranded Junkers was discovered. Great hummocks of snow covered the river, and landing there being out of the question, they flew back to Whitehorse for additional equipment, returning then to a small lake, sixteen miles distant from the Burke machine, the nearest point at which they could safely land. Their strenuous trek to the Liard brought only disappointment, for all they found was the abandoned plane and the message stating the three men had gone upstream.

Returning to their machine, and to Whitehorse, a conference decided the lost men might be safe with Indians on the Pelly Reserve. To test this theory, Wasson and Walsh left Whitehorse on December 6. While they were looking for a suitable spot to fly over the Pelly range a wisp of smoke was seen drifting out of the forest far below.

Gliding down for nearer observation, two men were seen silhouetted against the snow, and their actions left no doubt in the airmen's minds that the long quest was over.

Walsh opened the cabin door, and as they flew low, he kicked out a box of food brought along especially for the purpose. Believing it had dropped in deep snow too far from the weakened men to find, Wasson circled still lower, and without thought to their own welfare, Walsh heaved out a second box of food—their own supply. Brief notes attached to the boxes stated the airmen would land on a lake some ten miles away, and would trek to them from there.

Once in the lake, Wasson and Walsh lost no time in hitting the trail, and as darkness overtook them they were obliged to siwash it for the night. (In the vernacular of the North, this means stopping right where you are when darkness falls, without any preparations, to make the best of it until daylight comes again.)

Travelling light, and without food, they were off in the pre-dawn hours, and when full light came at last they realized they had overshot the place where the men awaited their coming. Slowly backtracking, shouting as they went, they twice heard the crack of a rifle, and minutes later they reached the pathetic camp and the two ragged, bewhiskered scarecrows of men. Fortunately, both boxes of food had been salvaged, but for the first time they heard the tragic news that Burke was dead.

The two shots Kading fired to attract their attention were the last shells he had.

Walsh fabricated a pair of makeshift skis for himself, giving his snowshoes to Kading, while Martin received a spare pair they had brought along. The journey back to the plane ended on December 10, and after climbing aboard, and with difficulty getting the engine started, the five of them made it to Whitehorse the same day.

On December 16, Wasson left again, accompanied by Walsh and Sergeant Leopold, R.C.M.P., to bring back Paddy Burke's remains. On December 19, the final sad undertaking was accomplished, bringing to a conclusion an aerial search which, for sheer heroism and tenacity, has never been surpassed in Canada's fine flying record, even to this day.

The outcome of the enquiry into the death of Burke, held at Whitehorse December 20-22, brought blame to no one, but recommendations were suggested that all aircraft flying in the Yukon territories between October 1 and April 1 should be required to carry adequate supplies for all aboard.

Every moment during the long flights which Wasson and Walsh made, their lives and those of the stranded men hung in the balance. If their plane had cracked up, Wasson and his companion would have been in a bad predicament, and the other two men would have been doomed.

In concluding, it is deeply gratifying to reflect that the Dominion and the British Columbia governments acknowledged the fine work accomplished by the two Yukon Tredwell airmen. Together they presented an award of $1500 to Wasson, and $500 to Walsh, as a mark of their appreciation for the heroic efforts which saved the lives of the two men.

Kading (left) and Martin, immediately after being found in a state of starvation. Walsh (right) fashioned the makeshift skis held by Kading.
From Sid Jones.

The officers and crew of the *McKenzie River* in 1909. Captain Mills is in the centre. The others, reading from left to right, are as follows: Standing, Billy Phillips, Lucas Hardisty, Pierre la Hache; David Macpherson and Johnny Berens, pilots; Daniel Bompas, (?) Hardisty, Semagenash or "Jerusalem." Sitting, Christy Harding, fur trade post manager; William Hay, engineer; Walter Johnson, second engineer; (?) Pierce, purser. On the deck: Arthur Hardisty; Geo. Matthews, cook; Wm. Hope ("Squirrel").

MACKENZIE MEMORIES

Story by C. D. LaNauze *Photos by J. W. Mills*

A former assistant-commissioner of the R.C.M.P., whose exploits in the North and West are well remembered, writes of the life he knew along the great rivers of the Mackenzie watershed. The pictures were taken between 1903 and 1917 by Capt. Mills.

THERE are still a good many left of a generation who remember the North as it was, and they are fortunate in their memories. As late as 1915 the rivers were the only routes in and out, and living in the North meant complete isolation from the outside world. The means of travel had not changed much in a century, and the North was a far away romantic country where travel was an adventure. The radio and aeroplane were unknown to it and beyond the fur trading posts there was still new country to be seen.

This great water route has changed from time to time. The original route was of course from Hudson Bay via the inland waters to the junction of the Clearwater and Athabaska Rivers at McMurray, Alberta. In 1885 it was found the lower Athabaska Rapids could be conquered and with rail head as close as Calgary, the route was changed to start from Athabaska Landing. When rail head reached the Peace River in 1915, the route was changed again, but changed back to McMurray when the rails reached Waterways in 1925. Waterways is still transport headquarters for the North.

Athabaska Landing was a busy spot when I first saw it in the spring of 1910, for the whole volume of northern trade and travel joined into that little town one hundred miles north by wagon road from Edmonton. Day and night the hammers resounded to the building of the river scows. Crews of Indians and half-breeds assembled for their summer river life, and as soon as the ice was clear the scows started to slip away quietly on the long passage from which few boats returned. Those were the halcyon days of the drifting scow on the rivers, in the first gentle flush of spring. There was no violent hurry, and we drifted at the river's will.

The northern rivers seemed to develop a hardy and resourceful breed of men. Many of their ancestors had been the old voyageurs of the fur trade, and feats of endurance by portage and winter trail were still their heritage. Their life was along the rivers. The Hudson's Bay Company had developed some remarkable men to conduct their transport operations. E. B. Haight was in charge of the Athabaska River transport and his crews had to pass the Athabaska Rapids, a gigantic task in those days. Haight was a man of long experience in river transport. He had served in the North West Rebellion of '85 and later on Wolseley's Nile Expedition. (See the *Beaver*, Sept. 1942.) No man could handle and get work out of his crew like "Cap" Haight, and he was besides a genial host to his passengers.

At McMurray the patriarchal steamer *Grahame* took freight and scows down the Athabaska to Fort Chipewyan on the big lake, and then one hundred miles down the Slave to Fitzgerald where there was the sixteen mile portage around the Slave rapids to Fort Smith, the head of navigation to the Arctic. The *Grahame* had as its lone engineer a remarkable and lovable character in William Johnson, always known as "The Judge." His son Walter, who is still with the Company, made history in 1921 by fashioning a propellor for the first plane that flew into the North in winter and cracked up at Fort Simpson. The plane flew out on Walter's handiwork. (See the *Beaver*, March 1945.)

The big man in transport on the Mackenzie River was Captain J. W. Mills. Mills was a Nova Scotian of remarkable resource and energy and captained the steamers he built on the river banks of the North. His son Julian is carrying on the tradition on the lower Athabaska today.

In those days the only commerce of the North was the fur trade and the saving of the native's souls, and they were operated peacefully by their rival factions. The Yukon gold rush of 1898 had passed through the country. Yellowknife gold and Canol oil had not even been thought of. The Barren Lands and Great Bear Lake were distant countries of real adventure.

While in the Police I was stationed variously at Athabaska, the Peace River district, McMurray, Fort Smith district, and later the lower Mackenzie and Arctic, and I was fortunate in learning early in life how to travel in summer and winter. Our friends and associates were the fur traders and their employees and the know-how of the trail was readily picked up for those who liked to learn it. There was a great joy to northern travel which only leaves behind its pleasant memories. Its hardships were soon forgotten.

In 1910 even the Peace River country was a far-away spot, three hundred miles by wagon or sleigh from Edmonton. Distance had not deterred the adventurous settler in his search for a lost frontier, and as far as 300 miles north on the Peace, grain was being grown and cattle raised at Fort Vermilion. Indian, trader, white trapper and settler were found around the flourishing Hudson's Bay Company post there. The Hudson's Bay Company was operating a flour mill to help out the pioneer farmer and supply its northern posts with more easily transported flour. Owing to the dark quality of the flour and the fur trade demand for the whiter flour, the milling was stopped for the northern trade.

In the fall of 1912 I was at Fort Smith district and had to escort to Athabaska an insane Siccanie Indian woman who came from the far away Liard and Nelson Rivers. It was over four hundred miles by river and we were six weeks on the trail. Returning at once with a small Hudson's Bay Company scow and four natives, we were frozen in near the mouth of the Athabaska in early November and had to pack overland to Fort Chipewyan. Our little party was hungry when after three days we struck a Cree Indian camp on Lake Mamoi. They had nothing to eat but frozen geese, but they were certainly good and we were soon enjoying the flesh pots of Fort Chipewyan.

In January 1913 I had to patrol to Fort Simpson, 500 miles north, and my companions were two Hudson's Bay dog drivers from Fort Resolution who were returning there with loads. It was the start of the cold weather and the thermometer stood at 52° below zero when the Company's Mackenzie district manager, the jovial Angus Brabant, wished us "good trip" and ducked back into his house. As we plodded north on the Slave River the very heat seemed to leave the earth. We travelled in a cloud of our steam and that of our fifteen dogs. The trees cracked like pistol shots in the cold and the river ice at times rumbled in thunder tones. At our roaring open camp fires we would freeze behind as we thawed in front and snuggled together to sleep fitfully under the caribou robes. The coldest time of all seemed to be before break of day, when my good hearted companions drove their dogs on to the white river to start another long day with spells every three hours.

I just tagged along. It was too cold even to ride on top of the loads, and the sleds pulled hard. Our splendid dogs seemed to grow thin in that intense cold, but they never faltered, and on our fourth night we reached the warmth of the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Resolution in Great Slave Lake.

At Resolution Chris Harding of the Hudson's Bay Company engaged for me a splendid forerunner and guide, a Slavey Indian, named "Duffile" who loved to travel, and we started across Great Slave Lake for Fort Simpson at the junction of the Liard and Mackenzie Rivers four hundred miles north. It was forty below. The forerunner was half a mile ahead when, five miles off Sulphur Point, the rear end of the sled broke through in a drop over some rough ice—and I after it up to my middle.

Fortunately the dogs were on sound ice and I had the head line in my hands. I called a mighty "mush" to the good dogs and they dug in and pulled the sled and me out. I was at once encased in ice; but I ran along and was none the worse for the little dip. The runner had seen what happened, headed for the shore and soon had a fire going. The weather turned to a nice sunny and windless twenty to thirty below, and it was a joy to travel on the wide Mackenzie. We passed the posts of Hay River and Fort Providence and jingled into Fort Simpson early in February.

The eminent sportsman and traveller Warburton Pike writes of a northern welcome in his book *The Barren Grounds of Northern Canada*. I can do no better than quote him:

> "For true hospitality there is nothing in the world to beat the welcome back to a Hudson's Bay post in the North after one has made a long journey in the wilds; no need to trouble your head with the idea that you may not be wanted, or that you will eat too much of the ever insufficient supplies sent in from the outside world to the officer in charge. Why is it that the less a man has and the harder things are to obtain, the more ready he is to divide? It does not seem to work in civilization, but it is certainly true in rough countries and especially with the Hudson's Bay Company officers in the far North. Perhaps it is because they have all seen hardships and privations in the Company's service and know the value of a helping hand given in the time of need; men who have suffered themselves have always more feeling for the sufferings of others than people who have lived only on the soft side of life."

Certainly the traders did not live in the lap of luxury in those days. If the fur trade was good even their own little luxuries were soon disposed of. I well remember Ned Heron, the trader at Providence, having nothing to eat but flour and "hung fish" which we shared.

We had a splendid return trip: as the days grew longer we made as much as fifty-two miles on one "long day" and the good dogs galloped into Fort Smith in March with their tails up.

The previous year I had travelled from Simpson to Hay River with the Anglican Bishop of the Mackenzie, the Rt. Rev. J. R. Lucas—a fine old-time cleric of C.M.S. origin. The bishop had two dog teams and drivers, but he was an excellent man on snow-shoes, so his drivers had an easy time. He was moreover, a fine campfire companion.

One of the last of the voyageurs of the seventies was old Baptiste Bouvrie of Fort Providence. He was a patriarch of the rivers and it was always a pleasure to visit him. Baptiste was all crippled up from his strenuous life, but though very poor he was always cheerful. He was also a splendid interpreter. As he talked, his stirring life on the rivers was reflected in his natural eloquence. The York boat trips to the Long Portage—Portage La Loche on the Clearwater—the prowess of his dogs, always brought out the final expression, "By gosh I was pleased!"

Baptiste's advice on dogs was always good. I can hear him now. "Make friends of your dogs and think of them first, they will pay you; when you spell always give your dogs a little bit, even a mouthful, it puts heart into them; feed them well and be careful not to burn the fish at the fire when you thaw it, the burn hurts them inside; always try to cut a little brush for them to lie on at night, they rest better; look well to their feet when the snow is like coarse salt. How far have you come today? That's good, watch your dogs and keep them happy and they won't tire. Ah, I wish I could travel again! It's long sitting here. . . . "

There were some great characters among the fur traders. Chris Harding at Resolution had been brought up in India. Between his experiences by palm and pine he had many interesting stories, and he was a most amusing raconteur. Harding was a great fur getter and a man of infinite patience in dealing with the somewhat primitive Slavey and Dog Rib Indians of Great Slave Lake. Many of these Indians came from the Barren grounds; they only came into the post once a year and were no easy customers.

Fred Camsell of Fort Simpson was a real son of the North, the son of a former chief factor and a brother of that illustrious Canadian, Dr. Charles Camsell of Ottawa. Tim Gaudet was another at Fort Norman and has since seen the Canol Oil rush sweep past his post. Tim was an ideal man to handle Indians, and in 1915 was of great assistance to us when we started from there on a long patrol into the Great Bear Lake country.

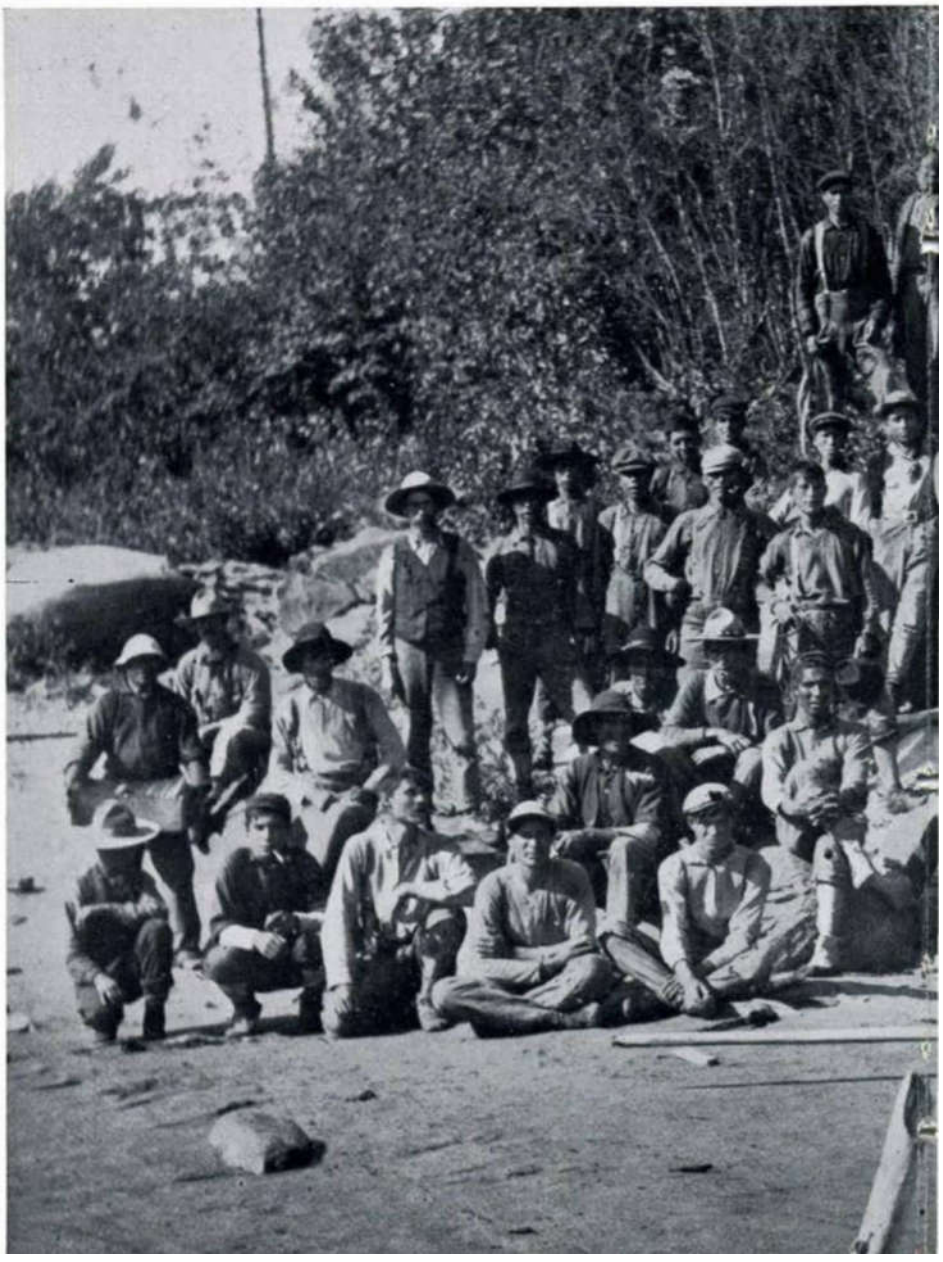
Old John Firth of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort McPherson was the doyen of them all. John was from the Orkney Islands and came into the North as a youth by York Boat from Hudson Bay. He had spent his entire life within the Arctic Circle trading with the Mountain Indians and the Mackenzie Delta Eskimo. When he retired he lived on at McPherson where he was at home. John's favorite seat in summer was a bench overlooking the Peel River and the distant mountains of the Yukon, and from there he received everybody with the dignity becoming his long white beard. Shortly before he passed on, a summer visitor expressed the hope that he would see him again next year. "Well," said John, "if I am not here they will show you where I am."

Today the North is highly accessible, for the aeroplane accomplishes in hours trips that used to take weeks and months. Trappers and prospectors fly in and out of formerly inaccessible country, and the fur trade has even its inter-post wireless communication. Hardy paratroopers of the R.C.A.F. have dropped to isolated Arctic posts on errands of mercy. The Barren Grounds have been crossed from east to west by motor vehicle in the recent Army "Muskox" operation. North of Yellowknife a great power development is coming into being where the ghosts of Sir John Franklin's men walk. The moccasin telegraph has been replaced largely by wireless waves; but the good rivres still flow North, and the few old timers left by their banks take all this development in their stride as they relax comfortably in their memories of canoe and dog sled, happy in the past, unruffled as to the future.

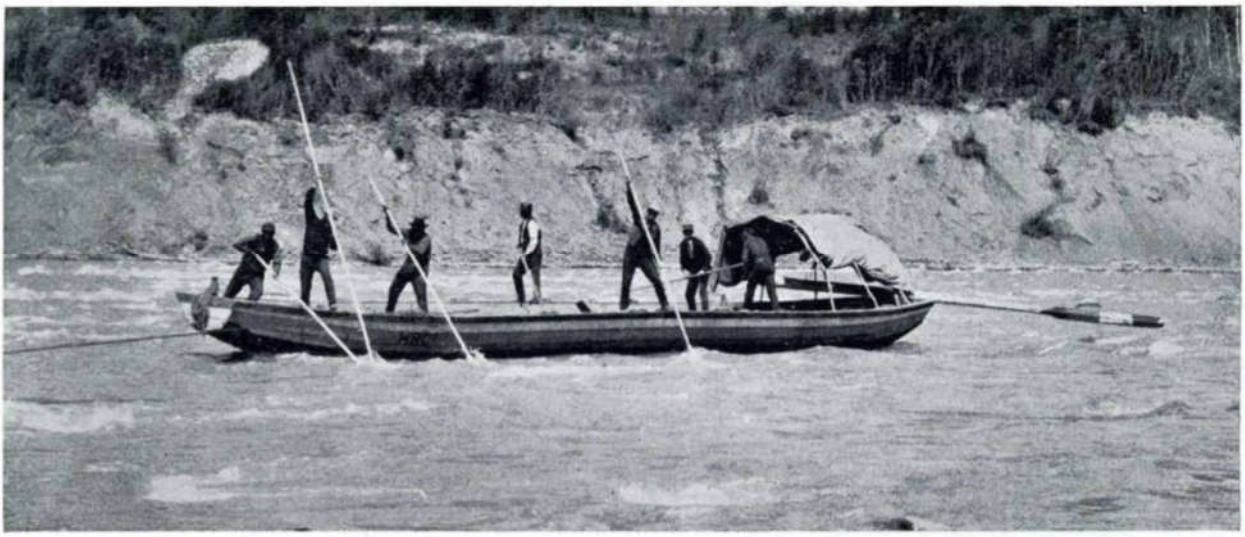
Dr. Robert Bell, famous Canadian geologist, and his party about to prepare lunch. The lines and straps on the right indicate that they have been tracking upstream. Dr. Bell wears a blanket capote of the traditional type.

The N.W.M.P. reach Fort McPherson on Peel River in 1903. Seated is Supt. Charles Constantine, who had served with the troops in the two Riel Rebellions and with the N.W.M.P. in the Yukon. Standing, left to right: Cst. S. S. Munroe; Sgt. F. J. Fitzgerald, who died with the Dawson Patrol in 1911, only a few miles from the trail's end at Fort McPherson (Fort Fitzgerald is named in his honour); Csts. F. D. Sutherland, John Galpin, and R. H. Walker. Supt. Constantine established his men in a building rented from the Anglican Mission, then left for the south, while Fitzgerald and Sutherland went north to establish the most northerly police post in the world—of that time—at Herschel Island.

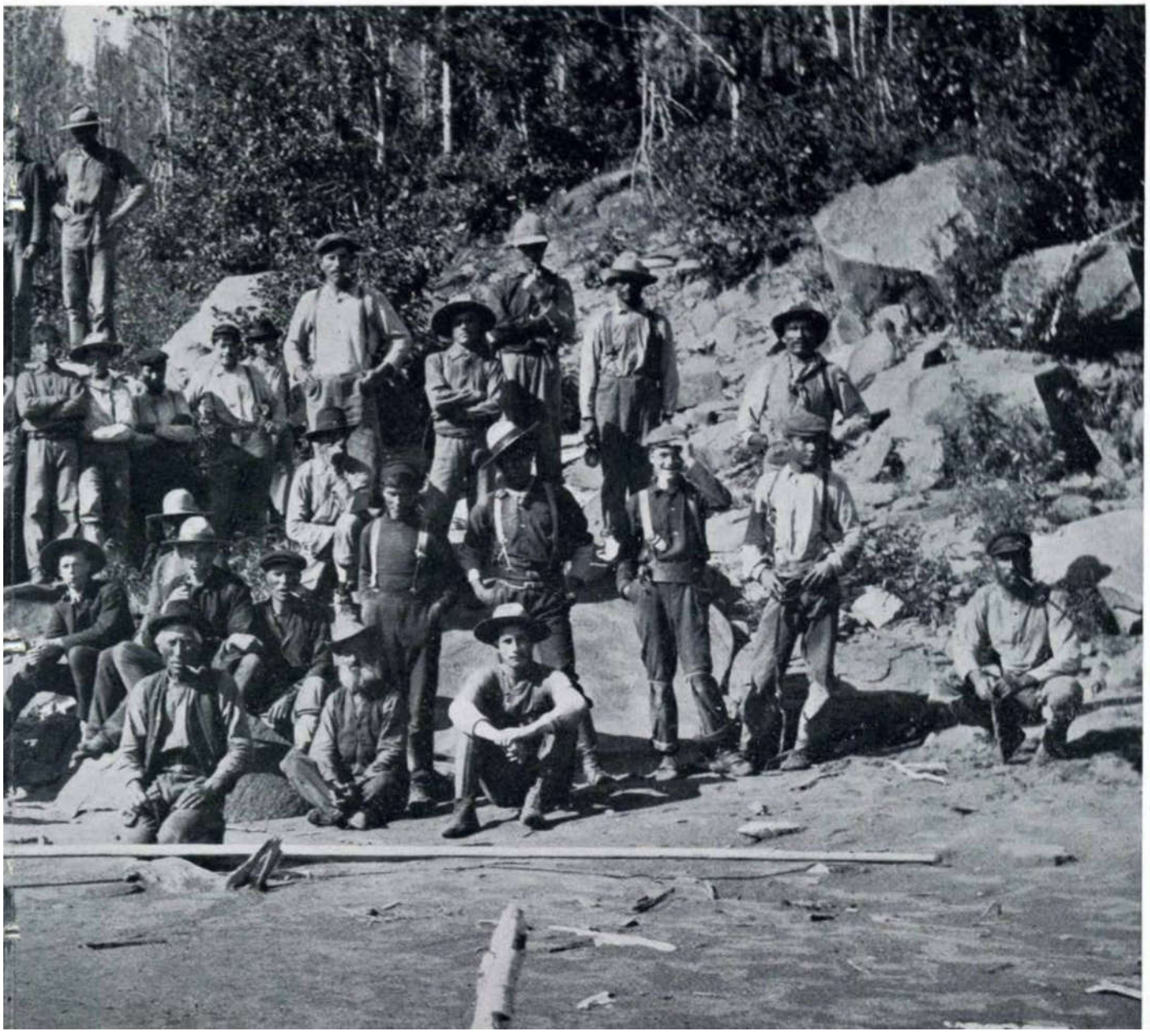
A rare photograph of men tracking boats along the shore, probably on the Athabaska. The lines from both groups are attached to York boats or scows out of the picture on the right.



A group of rivermen of a vanished era, taken about 1906 on Grand Rapids Island in the Athabaska. Of them, Col. LaNauze writes: "The northern rivers seemed to develop a hardy and resourceful breed of men. Many of their ancestors had been the old voyageurs of the fur trade, and feats of endurance by portage and winter trail were still their heritage. Their life was along the rivers." Julian Cardinal, the head guide, is kneeling in front. Directly behind him is Scotty Fildes, in charge of transport on the Athabaska.



A sturgeon-nosed scow is poled up the Athabaska River, while men on shore haul on the tracking line. Note the large stern sweep operated by the man standing under the shelter.

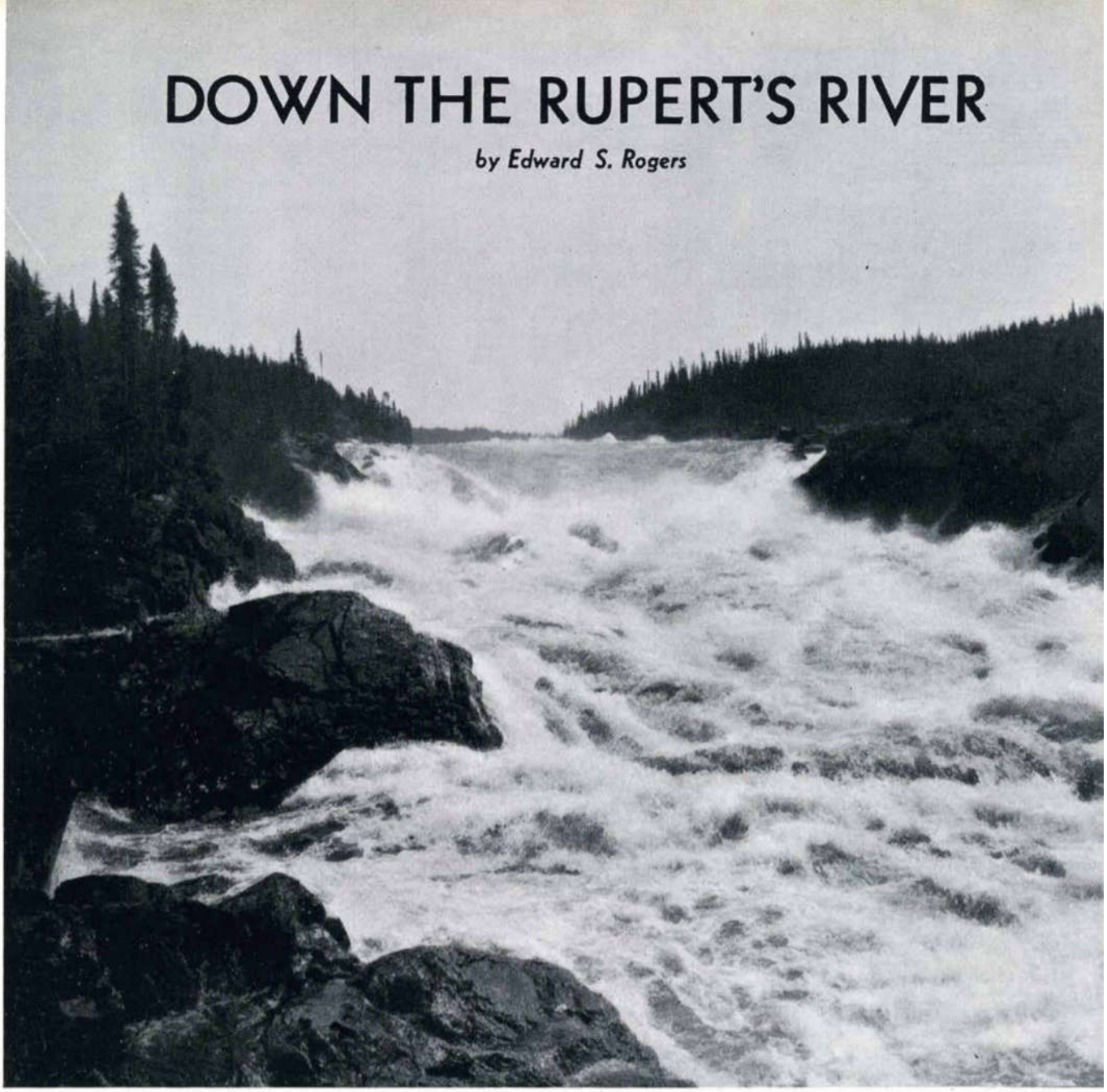


Like some monster rising from the prehistoric slime, the *Fort McMurray* lies half submerged after striking a rock at Vermilion Chutes, Peace River, in 1915. The water at first did not cover the lower deck, but in the night it rose twelve feet and most of the cargo floated away.

Passengers on the *Fort McMurray* southbound up the Slave in 1917. Left to right, standing: Fred C. Gaudet of Fort Good Hope, now retired to St. Lambert, Que.; an American tourist named Thompson; "Judge" Johnson, engineer; Inspector (later Assistant-Commissioner) Charles D. LaNauze (with cigar) who wrote the accompanying article, and who was on his way back from the Arctic with the two Eskimo murderers of Fathers Rouvier and LeRoux; Dr. Paddy Doyle, R.N.W.M.P.; Vernon West, H B C; Sgt. Edgenton; Cst. Lamothe, who took the Eskimos back north and died at Herschel Island; Miss McDermott ("Granny's" daughter), now superintendent of the Babies' Hospital, New York; Mrs. Edgenton. Sitting: Cst. J. E. F. Wight, Sandy and Mrs. Pierie, Miss Gaudet, Fred Gaudet's nephew, Philip Mandeville.

DOWN THE RUPERT'S RIVER

by Edward S. Rogers



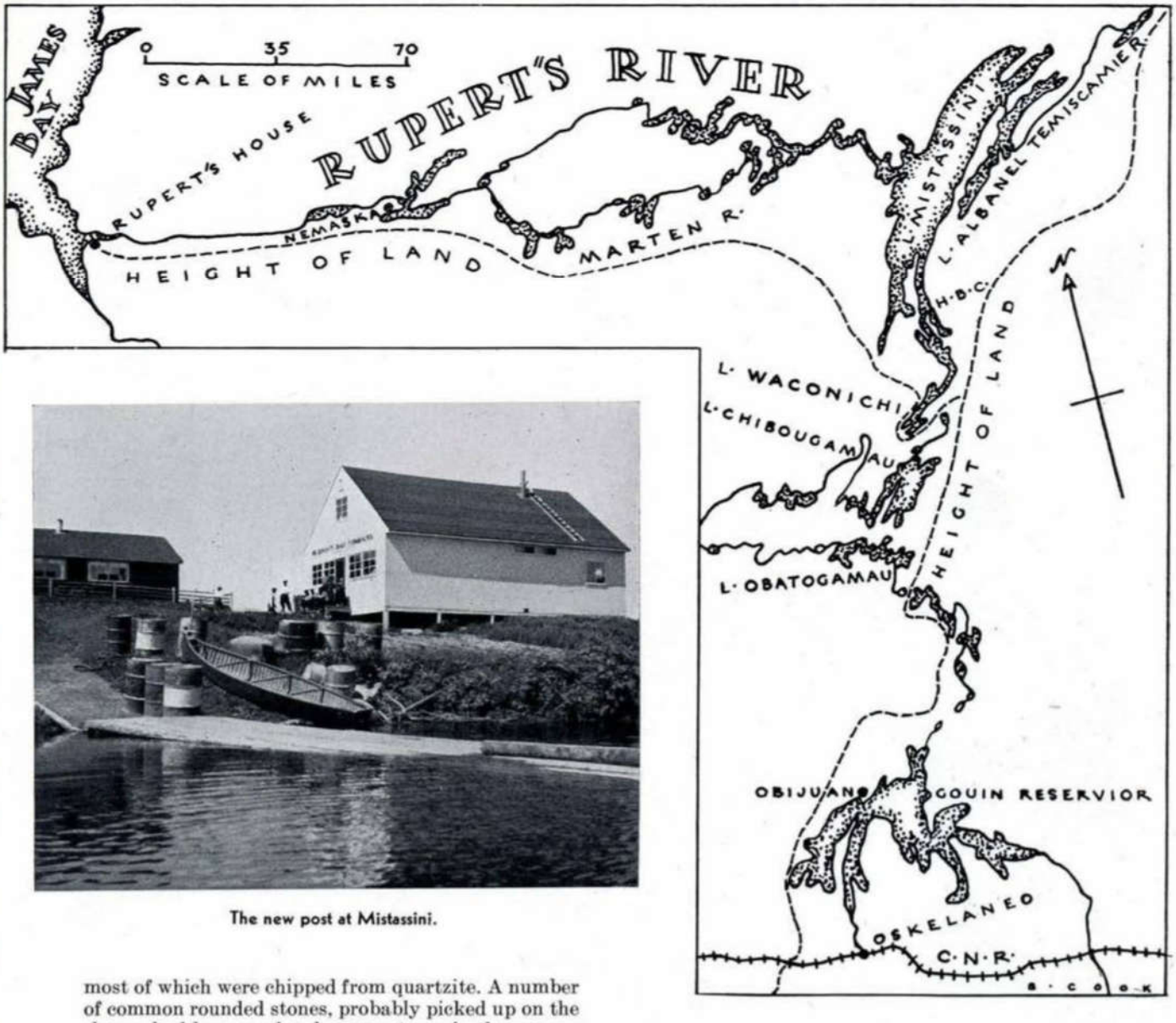
The full force of the upper Rupert's River comes cascading down this impassable rapid. All photos by the author.

IT was the first of August and a chilling rain was falling as we finished loading our plywood canoe and pushed out into the Temiscamie River. The greyish white limestone ridges showing here and there through the Labrador tea and black spruce enveloped in mist gave a ghostly look to the surroundings.

My cousin Murray and I had left Oskelaneo River, Quebec, the railroad station here being located on the most convenient route to the interior, on June 8. College was over for another year and the summer was at our disposal. We travelled up Gouin Reservoir to its northeast corner, passing on our way the Hudson's Bay Company's post of Obijuan. From here we went to Lake Dubois, then by way of Lakes Obatogamau, Chibougamau, and Waconichi to Lake Mistassini, reaching the Company's post situated on Post Bay on July 8. After procuring more supplies, we were again under way. Up Lake Mistassini we went to the portage route about the rapids from Lake Albanel, which lake we then crossed, arriving at the Temiscamie River on July 22.

Nearly two weeks had been spent on the lower Temiscamie River where it enters Lake Albanel, examining a number of pre-historic Indian camp sites. We were taking the summer to make an archeological reconnaissance from Oskelaneo River to James Bay, and it was here that traces of early Indian habitation were most numerous. This trip was the outcome of observations made the year before in territory to the west of that which we were now looking over. At that time a few sites had been discovered showing that the manufacture of tools from stone had at one time been carried on by the native population, and we firmly believed more sites were to be found in the neighbouring areas.

So far this season about four hundred artifacts had been discovered. These were in the form of crude spears or knives, end and side scrapers, and axes,



The new post at Mistassini.

most of which were chipped from quartzite. A number of common rounded stones, probably picked up on the shores, had been used as hammerstones in the process of fashioning these implements. As to who the people were that made these tools, and at what period they were used, remains a mystery for the present.

Now the problem arose of transporting these specimens to the outside for study. This we proposed to do by going to James Bay by way of Rupert's River.

Fighting our way down Lake Albanel, battling heavy wind and water, we at last reached the "Long Portage." Over eight miles of swampy trail, broken here and there by small ponds, we packed our quarter ton of supplies, and at the end of a very hard day found ourselves again back on Lake Mistassini. We were now set for the crossing, as the entrance to Rupert's River lay on the opposite shore.

The lake at this spot is ten to twelve miles wide. Large gravel islands form a connecting link with the centre of the lake, where they meet another chain of rock-ribbed islands which, for a good hundred miles, run the length of Mistassini. At this point a jump of six miles could be made to the further shore early the first calm morning. A little past noon we arrived at the centre of the lake, pitched camp, and got our bearings for the crossing. The day was calm and clear, and the low hills, just visible across the lake, looked like a thin blue line. This was the shore that held our objective, and we fervently hoped the next morning would be calm so this job might be put behind us.

The alarm went off at three, awakening us to the sound of rain being driven in off the lake, with the accompaniment of angry water lashing the shore. There was no point in even looking outside the tent, as it would have been madness to try our little canoe in that sea.

By late morning the weather had cleared somewhat, and by late afternoon the sky was unclouded, but a moderate breeze was still blowing, making the lake look far from inviting. Towards evening the wind died down, with only a slight swell left to remind us any air had ever been stirring. This looked like our chance. We loaded the canoe and at seven o'clock started out out into the lake. There was no wind at all now, but the swell still pitched the canoe about considerably, splashing water in at each roll and making us feel somewhat apprehensive.

As we neared the centre of the lake, a view unrolled itself which made us stop and look about. In a small canoe we felt lost on this vast expanse of water. To

Beginning of the first portage from Lake Waconichi to Lake Mistassini.

the north and south sky and water met as one, while to the east and west only a dim bluish-grey haze was noticeable denoting land. There was no time to stay here and marvel. A thunder storm was rolling in from the south, which spurred us on to more strokes per minute. Shortly past eight, as darkness began to descend, we heard the splashing of waves and knew that at last we were near shore. A few minutes later we paddled inside a protecting reef just as the wind began to churn the lake into a frenzy. The crossing was completed, and in the nick of time, and we were both mighty happy it had been accomplished without mishap. We thought we could make an easy run down the Rupert, but in this we were to be sadly mistaken.

The first fifty miles were easy. This part of the river is still used by the Indians from Lake Mistassini for their winter hunt. The portages were all clean and relatively well marked. Soon, though, we left this behind and entered a no-man's land. Here the Indians from Lake Nemiscau have hardly ever penetrated of late, and the same holds true for those from Lake Mistassini. The trails at almost every rapids and falls had grown over completely and caused us no small amount of delay. Even the Hudson's Bay Company has stopped using this river route to freight in supplies.* But one could still imagine the gay voyageurs as they raced to be first at and over the portage, or as they shot their large cargo canoes through the foaming white water.

Still another handicap was the fact that we were new to this section of the country and, without adequate maps, had to feel our way along. All rapids were looked over carefully, when feasible, but in spots this was entirely impossible. It was then a matter of trying to cut a trail around or else run them. In doing this we hugged the shore in case of eventualities, which didn't ease the strain on the canoe, as we grazed numerous boulders.

*The route used by the Company was by way of the Marten River, thus avoiding the difficult passages encountered by the author.—Ed.

In spite of these difficulties, we were able to average some eight to ten miles a day. It went along this way until we were half way down the river, where we found ourselves stopped. The river narrowed down with steep rocky bluffs on the left side. The other side, to begin with, was lower, but soon rose up like the left bank. A carry-over on the right got us by the first white water, and then a three-quarter mile paddle brought us to where swift water ahead, disappearing from sight, caused us to stop and look the situation over.

The best information we possessed placed a portage on the right side, and there we firmly believed it to be. We climbed to the top of the grey granite cliffs and looked down. No wonder the water had gained speed and disappeared. The channel narrowed to about fifty yards, and the entire flow of Rupert's River collected to plunge over a series of drops. No individual drop was greater than forty or fifty feet long, but the total combined in a distance of a mile and a half had an awe inspiring effect.

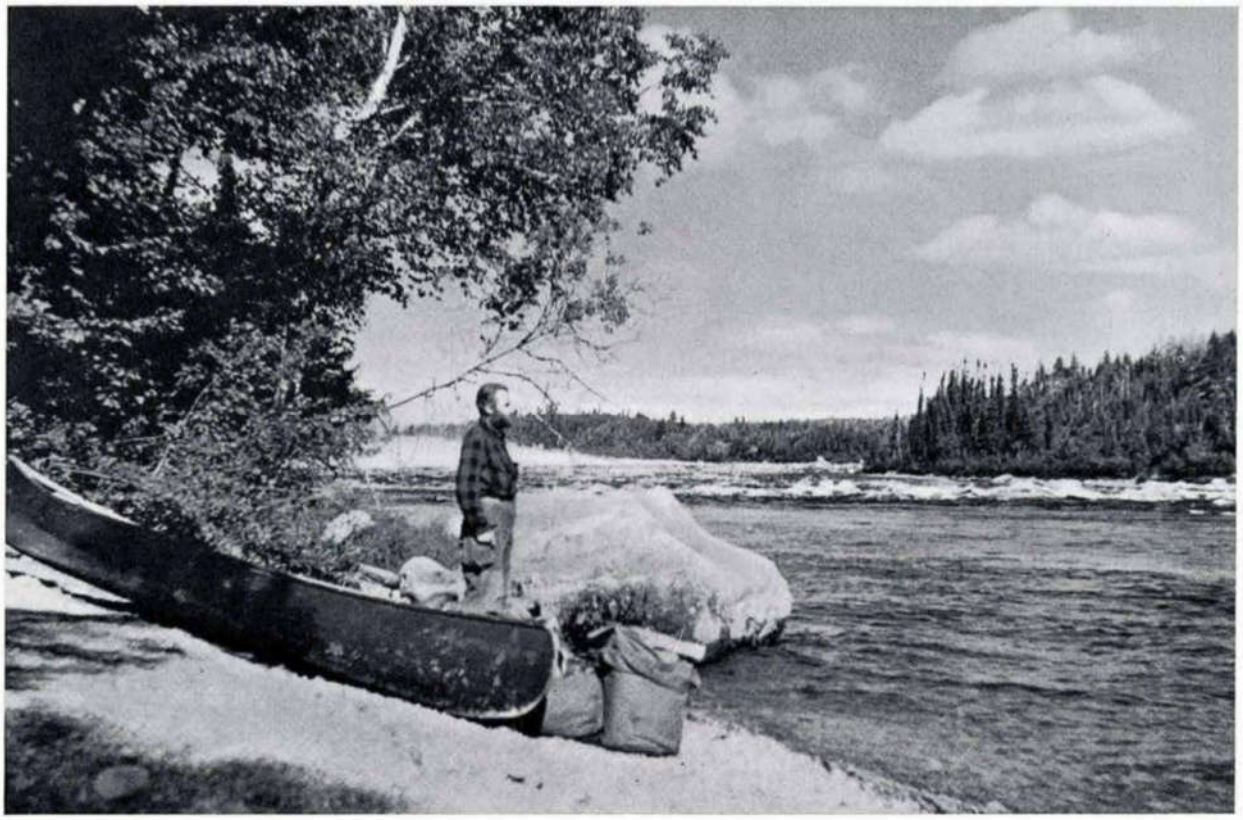
We would have liked to have stayed and gazed on the truly marvellous scenery, but we had to find the portage around the obstacle ahead. The next four hours we hiked over the surrounding hills and cliffs, tripping up and falling headlong into the tangled underbrush, becoming tired, hot and bruised, with not a sign of a trail. Finally, after beating through the bush till there was no question of having missed it, we dragged ourselves back to the canoe.

There was now only one thing to be done, and that was to cut our own path. So with light loads we started off. First we worked our way along the cliffs. But they were either too steep or covered with Labrador tea which made walking nearly hopeless. We then worked our way back into the hills in hopes of firmer footing amongst the spruce. But it was all we could do to get between the trees with light packs, let alone heavy loads. After much sweating, we came to a thinning of the trees. The sight which was revealed to us was far from encouraging. The river swept on in an unbroken series of rapids. At the rate we were going, we would never get our supplies over, so we decided to return to the river and see if we could shoot the rest of the white water.

Struggling to the river bank, we found a backwash where it would be possible to launch the canoe. Then back for more equipment, with night fast approaching. Two trips were made, the last one being completed in the dark, which caused some concern lest we miss our camp, having made only the barest trail. The next morning we finally got the canoe over. We left camp shortly after dinner, but our troubles were not to be dismissed so easily. Everything was going fine till we ventured too close to shore. A strong side wash swept the canoe in under a fallen tree, and then tossed it up on shore, staving a hole in the side. Somehow all our equipment was kept in the canoe, with the exception of a pack board, and, above all, the specimens were safe. With the proper patching material we were soon able to fix the damage done to the canoe and to be under way again.

At last, with no more difficulties other than getting on the wrong side of the river from the portages, we reached Lake Nemiscau. Here we had the extreme good fortune to meet Glen Speers, manager of the Hudson's Bay Company's post located on the lake, just as he was starting on a trip of his own. He kindly returned to open the store and at the same time gave us lunch. It was a pleasant afternoon we spent talking

Portage end at the foot of magnificent rapids on the lower Rupert's.



with him about his experiences further north, as it was the first time in twenty days we had seen a living soul.

Soon he was off again, and so were we, heading in the opposite direction with only a hundred miles left to the Bay. These were made enjoyable by the fact that now we had accurate details as to the portages from a recent map made by Mr. Speers. The only drawback was a cold rain which set in and with a stiff head wind made paddling quite miserable. However, ten days later we made the last portage, ran a short stretch of rapids, and swung the canoe out into Rupert's Bay in sight of Rupert's House.

After a rather rough crossing, in which we nearly swamped in sight of the establishment, we landed on the beach below the warehouse. Tired and cold, we made our way to the store, where we met the manager, Mr. Michel. He and his wife took us into their home and made us feel like a part of the family.

During our conversation that evening we were able to look back over the long and romantic history which Rupert's River and post, the oldest fur trading depot on Hudson's Bay, have had.

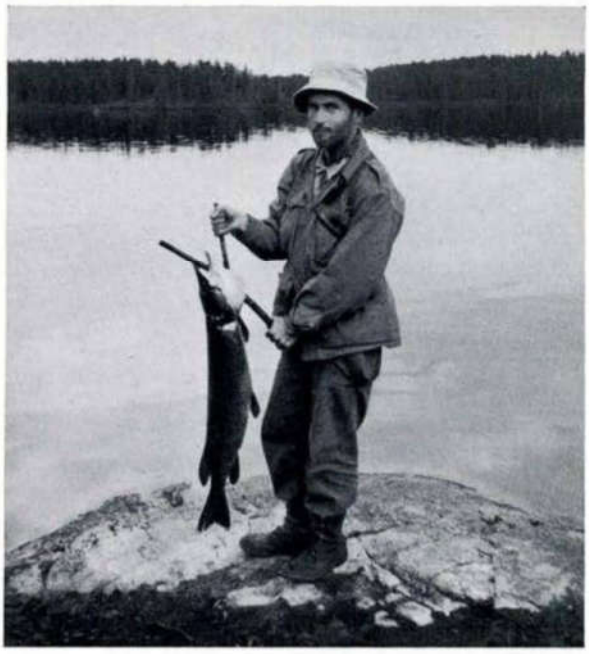
It was here that Medard Chouart and Zachary Gillam, the master of the ketch *Nonsuch*, stepped ashore in the fall of 1668 to establish Charles Fort in the interest of the English.

The French had for a number of years heard rumours of the *Mer du Nord* and on several occasions made attempts to penetrate overland by way of Lake St. John. These had started from Quebec, but had fallen short, reaching no further than the height of land about Necouba. In the fall of 1671 Father Charles Albanel and Sieur de St. Simon, with one other Frenchman and a number of Indians, started out, reaching Lake St. John, where they wintered. The 1st of June 1672 saw them again under way, and on the 18th they were crossing Lake Mistassini toward the entrance to Rupert's River.

From his description it seems likely that their route was similar to ours. Under date of June 22nd he says they left the river and, by a series of seventeen portages and small ponds, escaped rapids which were impossible to pass through. His date would place them in the area of the chutes where we had so much trouble. Soon after, they were coasting the shore of James Bay.

Two years later Albanel returned to the Bay. It is claimed he followed the Rupert's and Marten Rivers.

At this point a mountain of tumultuous water and foam rises in the midst of the river.



Murray Rogers displays the makings of the evening meal.

This route, used in later years by most of the parties in going from Lake Mistassini to Rupert's House, follows Rupert's River for a few miles and then by a portage trail connects with the Marten. The latter joins, just above Lake Nemiscau, the Rupert's, which is then followed to the Bay.

In 1679 this route was used by Louis Jolliet when he spied out the English strength at the foot of the Bay. (See the *Beaver* Dec. 1947.)

André Michaux, in 1792, claimed to have travelled from Lake St. John to Rupert's House, using both the Marten and Rupert's Rivers. This is to be questioned. His description of Lake Mistassini region, which would hardly seem correct for the end of the eighteenth century, is certainly far from true to-day.

Now for nearly one hundred years this country was neglected. In 1884 Albert Peter Low started out to make a detailed report of the land between Lake St. John and James Bay. After wintering in the interior he made the trip down the Marten and Rupert's Rivers during the summer of 1885. During the first part of the twentieth century several government surveying parties made this trip, one or more of them following the Rupert's River for its entire course.

Several years ago Abbé Ernest Lepage and Arthème Dutilly ascended the Rupert's and Marten Rivers to try and determine if possible the route supposedly used by Michaux.

Since the time when the Hudson's Bay Company maintained a post on Lake Mistassini, until 1928, Rupert's River was used to freight in supplies and bring out furs. After the abandonment of this route a shorter one was installed starting at Oskelaneo River. To-day, however, the plane does all of this back breaking work.

We spent the night in the warmth and comfort of Rupert's House. Next morning, September the first, a plane came in, and we seized the opportunity of flying out to Moose Factory. Soon we were taxiing up to the dock, and being greeted by old friends.

FUR TRADERS *vs.* FELTMAKERS

by Murray G. Lawson

One of the organizations most anxious to annul the Hudson's Bay Company's charter was the Worshipful Company of Feltmakers

FUR, both in its raw and manufactured state, was a relatively insignificant item in the English economy until late in the seventeenth century. Then, the capture of the strategically located New Netherlands, with its Hudson-Mohawk route into the rich fur region of the Great Lakes, and the formation of the enterprising Hudson's Bay Company, with its short sea route into the heart of the richest fur-bearing country of the North American continent, gave it a new importance. Having once acquired control of a large part of the world's principal source of furs—a control which was transformed in the middle of the next century into a virtual monopoly by the conquest of Canada, with its Great Lakes back-door route to the bountiful fur regions of the Canadian and American Far West—England's mercantilistic-minded statesmen now came to regard fur as an integral part of their system of commercial and industrial regulation.

The role of fur in the English economy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a dual one, arising from its two-fold importance both as an article of trade and as an industrial raw material. The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, chartered in 1670 for the purpose of exploiting the rich fur resources of the Hudson Bay region, were naturally primarily interested in fur as a commodity of exchange; whereas The Worshipful Company of the Art or Mistery of Feltmakers of London was equally concerned with fur as the necessary ingredient for the manufacture of hats, especially the famous beaver hat. From this divergence of economic interest in fur, trade versus manufacture, there arose a series of interesting clashes in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In 1690, the Hudson's Bay Company, fearful for its charter now that the Stuarts had been driven from the country, petitioned Parliament to confirm it. A number of interests—interlopers, London merchants trading to the American colonies—apparently desirous of sharing in such a lucrative monopoly (for the Company was very shortly to treble its stock and to declare a 25 percent dividend[1] upon this increased capital), petitioned Parliament not to confirm what they described as "an useless monopoly" in "no ways serviceable to the nation." Parliament, however, believing differently—"the trade . . . hath been found to be useful and profitable to this kingdom and the navigation thereof"—confirmed the Hudson's Bay Company's charter for a period of seven years, on the ground "that the said trade cannot be carried on or managed so advantageously either to the honour or interest of this realm as in a company . . . with a joint stock. . . ."

1. No more dividends could be declared until 1718.—Ed.

The "master, warden and assistants of the Company of the Feltmakers of the city of London," however, were more successful in their petition. They objected not so much to the charter itself, but to what they regarded as its monopolistic features—the Hudson's Bay Company's exclusive control of the chief source of supply of beaver and its sales policy—which they charged were "a great hindrance to the petitioners and the whole trade of feltmaking in England." Despite the protestations of the Hudson's Bay Company, Parliament apparently agreed with the latter of the feltmakers' charges, for the confirmatory act obligated the Company to hold "at least two sales of 'coat beaver' annually;" to sell its furs "in lots of about £100 sterling each;" and to desist "in the intervals of public sales" from "selling beaver by private contract, or any price than was set up at the last public sale."

Two years later, in 1692, the feltmakers were once more petitioning Parliament, charging that the Hudson's Bay Company "have eluded the said act [of 1690]" and requesting leave "to bring in a bill for the more effectual putting into execution the said act" and "also for prohibiting the exportation of coney wool and hares' wool." The committee appointed to examine the petition of the feltmakers returned a favourable report and a bill embodying their recommendations was introduced, but it failed to advance beyond its first reading before Parliament was prorogued. Early in the next session the feltmakers renewed their petition and obtained the re-introduction of their bill, only to see it decisively defeated on its first reading.

In 1698, the Hudson's Bay Company once again asked Parliament to confirm its charter and was successful in obtaining permission to introduce a bill for that purpose. Once again various interests—the feltmakers, "the mistery of skinners" and the London merchants trading to the American colonies—presented petitions seeking to overthrow this seemingly lucrative monopoly. The feltmakers once more accused the Hudson's Bay Company of unfair monopolistic practices, "there being but one buyer and one seller." The Hudson's Bay Company emphatically denied the charges of the feltmakers, pointing out that "it's well known" that "before the said Company was established" the "price of beaver was above three times the price it is now sold for," and sharply reminding them that "should this Company be destroyed they must be forced to have it [beaver] from the French and pay five times the value they now do. . . ." Apparently, the significance of the Hudson's Bay Company's observation that "if this Company be not supported and continued all the country about the Hudson's Bay and the whole trade there will unavoidably fall into the hands of the French (they having formed such pretensions thereunto already)," was not lost on a parliament which was acutely aware of the recent French victories in the Hudson Bay region. For in the previous year (1697) French naval and military successes had

VOTES

OF THE

Houſe of Commons,

Lunæ 28. *die Aprilis*, 1690.

AN Engroſſed Bill from the Lords to enable Sir *Humphry Foreſter* to ſettle and diſpoſe Lands was read the *firſt* time, and ordered a *ſecond* Reading.

An Engroſſed Bill from the Lords for reviving a former Act for regulating the Meaſures and Prizes of Coals was read the *firſt* time, and ordered a *ſecond* Reading to Morrow Morning.

A Bill for confirming to the Governour and Company Trading to *Hudſons-Bay*, their Priviledges and Trade was read the *ſecond* time, and Committed.

A Petition of the Maſter, Wardens and Aſſiſtants of the Company of *Feltmakers* of *London* was read, and the conſideration thereof referred to the Committee to whom the ſaid Bill was Committed.

Mr. *Fenwick* reports from the Committee, to whom the Bill for veſting the Eſtate of *Cadwallader Wynne* Eſq; in Truſtees for payment of Debts was recommitted, that they had conſidered the Petitions referred to them, and had agreed to the Bill with Amendments, which were twice read and agreed to, and the Bill with the Amendments ordered to be Engroſſed.

A Bill for the better Improvement of the Woollen Manufacture was read the *firſt* time, and ordered a *ſecond* Reading.

An Engroſſed Bill for granting to Their Majeſties a Subſidy of Tunnage and Poundage and other Sums of Money payable upon Merchandizes, Exported and Imported was read the *third* time and paſſed, and ordered to be carried to the Lords for their Concurrence.

The third and fourth paragraphs on this page refer to the attempts of the two companies to get the H B C charter confirmed in the first case, and annulled in the second. From the original page in the Company's museum at Winnipeg.

reduced the number of the Company's forts from five to one (Albany), and this "deplorable state" had been confirmed by the Treaty of Ryswick. Although no further action was taken to implement the bill for the re-confirmation of the Hudson's Bay Company's charter, nevertheless it was tacitly assumed by all that the original charter still remained valid.[2]

Thus the first round of the struggle closed with the Hudson's Bay Company the victor. Orthodox mercantilistic economic arguments could not be expected to prevail where conflicting imperial interests were involved. As long as the French menace in North America existed, so long would the monopoly charter of the Hudson's Bay Company be secure against all attacks upon it on purely economic grounds. Apparently this was the conclusion reached by the feltmakers, for no more frontal attacks were made upon the Hudson's Bay Company. Even in 1749, when the prospects of smashing the monopoly seemed brightest, the feltmakers refrained from presenting a petition to Parliament. The futility of such action was obvious to them, if not to others.[3]

2. Both 6 Anne c. 37 (1707) and 18 Geo. II, c.17 (1745) contain a provision that "nothing in this act shall any ways extend, or be construed to take away or prejudice any of the estate, rights, or privileges of or belonging to the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay."

3. Twenty-nine different anti-Hudson's Bay Company petitions, in addition to that of Arthur Dobbs and his associates, were presented to Parliament.

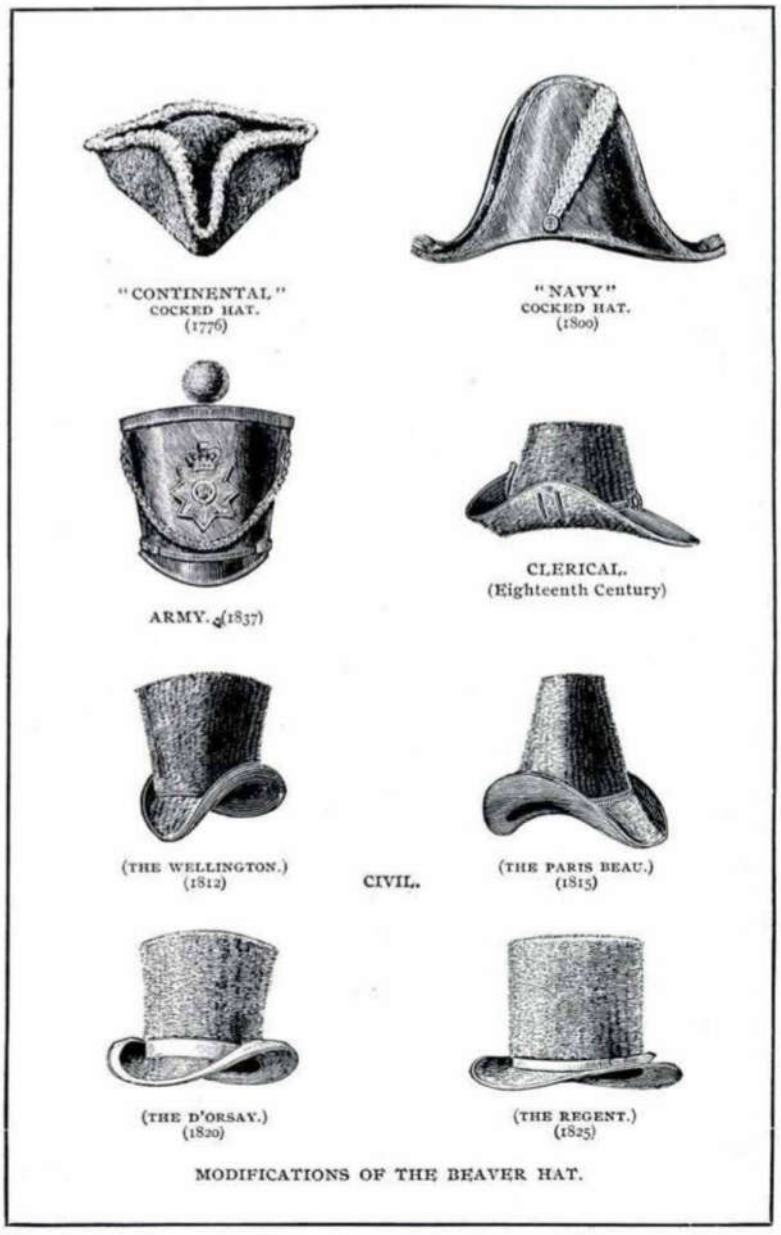
In 1752, the hatters of Chester, London and Manchester, feeling the pinch of market dislocations and experiencing the first symptoms of a declining prosperity, petitioned Parliament, claiming "that of late years, the foreign trade [in beaver hats] has much declined . . . because of the very great rise in the price of beaver," and proposing that Parliament should grant to the hat industry "such relief and encouragement . . . as the credit and importance thereof deserves" by removing the drawback allowed on the re-exportation of beaver or by entirely prohibiting its exportation, as "that would leave a larger quantity of beaver in the market, and of consequence, somewhat lower the price to the manufacturers." Although the committee to which this petition had been referred reported favourably, underscoring that the foreign trade in hats was definitely upon the decline and that the principal cause of this was the dearness of beaver, no action was taken by Parliament to implement these recommendations.

In 1764, more than a decade later, the English hat industry, now in the throes of probably the worst depression of its history, renewed the fight and with exactly the same arguments. Once more the feltmakers petitioned the Lords of the Treasury that the drawbacks allowed upon the exportation of beaver skins should be taken off and a new duty "laid upon the exportation of beaver skins and beaver wool unmanufactured." The Board of Trade, to whom this petition had been referred, accepted the con-

The beaver hats worn by men of fashion in the seventeenth century are illustrated in this painting for the Company's 1918 calendar, depicting the first public sale of H B C furs, 1672.

tentions and suggestions made therein, and recommended "that the best method of giving that relief to the manufacturers of hats which their case appears to require" would be first, the removal of the whole duty then paid upon the importation of beaver skins; second, the abolition of the drawback upon the exportation of beaver; and third, the imposition of new export duties upon every beaver skin and every pound of beaver wool. Despite the protests of the Hudson's Bay Company and other importers and exporters of beaver skins, who contended that as not much more than one half of the beaver skins imported were "worked up in" English manufactures, taking off the drawback and imposing a duty upon exportation as proposed by the makers and vendors of hats would affect their trade adversely, these recommendations proved acceptable and were enacted into law. Probably because Parliament, realizing that the conquest of Canada a few years earlier had removed the French menace to English imperial interests in North America, agreed with the mercantilistic view of the board of trade that "the Hudson's Bay Company having exclusive possession of a very great part of the beaver trade" had "private interests, separate from, and . . . adverse to those of the public."

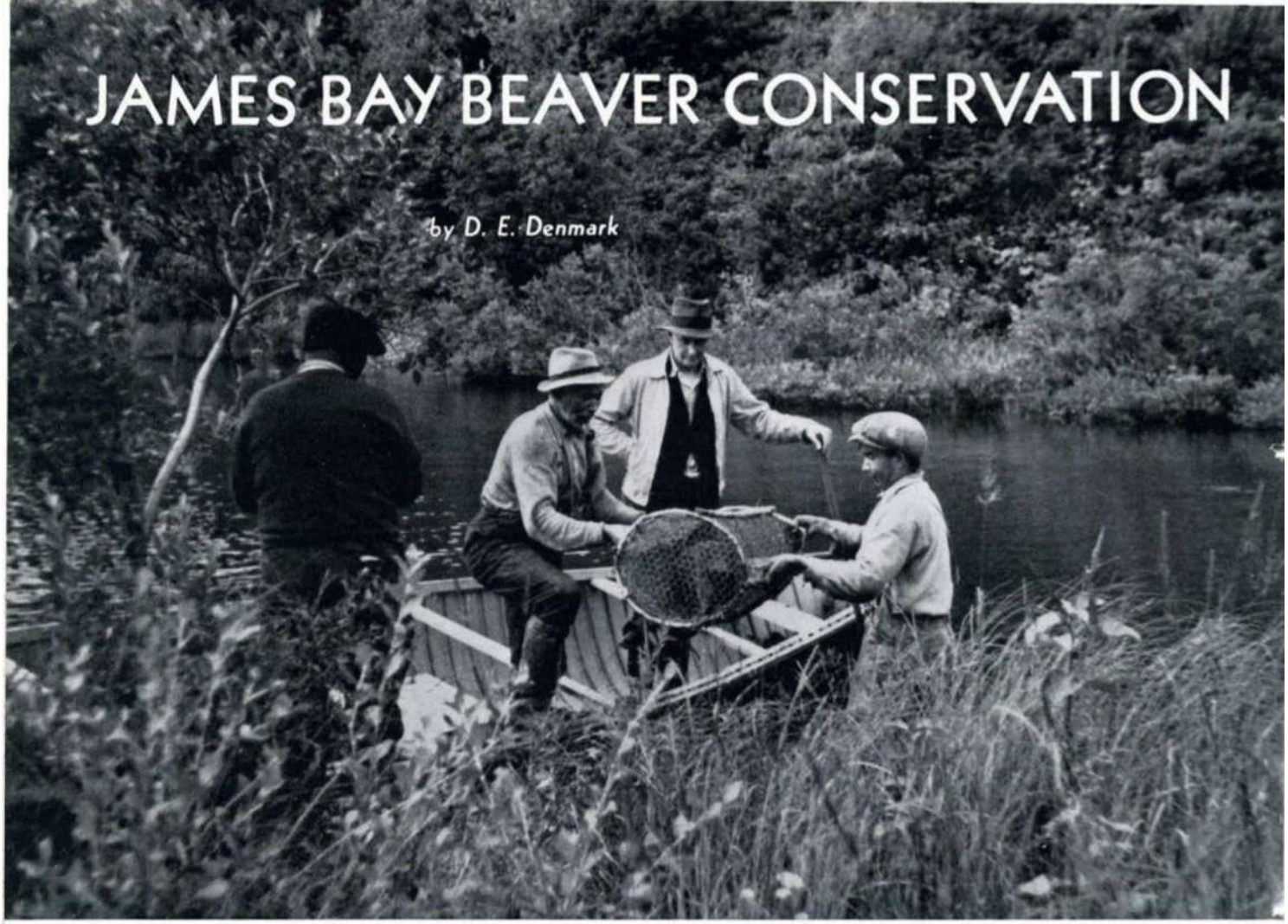
Thus the second round of the struggle closed with the Mistery of Feltmakers the victor. Orthodox mercantilistic economic arguments could be expected to prevail when imperial considerations were no longer involved. But it was rather a fruitless victory, as the quantity of beaver remaining in the home market was only temporarily increased. Despite the removal of the drawback and the imposition of an export duty, beaver exports soon soared to a new high. Despite a cheaper and more plentiful supply of beaver, the downward spiral of beaver hat exports to Europe was not to be halted. The decline was as irresistible as the ebbing of the tide.



Types of eighteenth and nineteenth century beaver hats, from Martin's *Castorologia*.

JAMES BAY BEAVER CONSERVATION

by D. E. Denmark



J. S. C. Watt, who began the conservation of beaver at Rupert's House in 1930, supervises the transfer of some of the animals on the Charlton Island preserve in 1939. Lorene Squire.

JAMES BAY is now the scene of the greatest beaver conservation effort in history. From Cape Jones on the east to within a few miles of Cape Henrietta Maria on the west, the coast is taken up by beaver preserves which extend inland from one hundred to three hundred miles, and preserves have also been established on the two islands of Charlton and Agamiski.

The lean days of the late twenties and early thirties, with the fur bearers getting scarcer each year and no prospect of improvement in sight, must seem like a bad dream to the natives now that prosperity has been restored. Company records, moreover, show a very considerable loss on post operation during that period.

The expansion of the beaver conservation movement was the direct result of the successful operation of the Company's 7,000 square mile Rupert's House beaver preserve, which got its start in 1930 under the guidance of the late J. S. C. Watt. Fortunately for all concerned, Jimmy Watt's beaver conservation plan was no impracticable dream, but a well conceived plan based on his understanding of the natives and their faith in the Company. Evidence of the outstanding success of this preserve is shown in the growth of the beaver population from a modest twenty-five in 1930 to no less than 15,000 in 1944. Controlled trapping commenced in 1940, since which time the

Hudson's Bay Company

TABLE of BEAVER INCREASE AT MINIMUM INCREASE of 2 YOUNG PER PAIR.

Indians have harvested over 13,000 skins from the preserve.

It was all important in a project of this kind to obtain the full co-operation and support of the natives. "Selling" the scheme to them was the responsibility of the veteran fur trader, Jimmy Watt. Sometimes he used matches to illustrate the increase of beaver which would result if they were adequately protected. (See the September 1944 *Beaver*, p. 44.) Subsequently he designed a beaver increase table for a ten-year period, showing the increase from one pair at the survival rate of two young per year. The table was subsequently translated into Cree syllabic by Fred McLeod, post manager at Oskelaneo, and illustrated and printed by the Company for distribution to the Indians on the preserves.

In 1934 and 1935, through the co-operation of the Northwest Territories branch of the federal Department of Mines and Resources, the work of conservation was extended to Charlton and Agamiski Islands on James Bay.

Charlton Island has been a Company standby for many years, and it is interesting to recall that, in 1839, Sir George Simpson arranged to have it stocked with beaver, with the result that by 1851 it produced a crop of 800 pelts, representing eight beaver per square mile. As a preserve, therefore, it really dates back over a hundred years, and occasional references are to be found in old reports which indicate that it operated to the turn of the century when overtrapping eliminated the beaver.

By 1934 it had again become a beaver preserve and 578 beaver were trapped from 1940 to 1943; but since then the preserve has been used exclusively as a breeding ground to provide live beaver to restock other preserves. Under this arrangement some 370 animals have been live-trapped on Charlton Island since 1934 and released in other sanctuaries on the east and west coasts of James Bay.

Charlton Island, moreover, is the scene of another kind of fur conservation experiment. Owing to heavy trapping, both mink and marten had disappeared, not only from that island, but also from Agamiski. Mink were therefore brought from the Company Bird's Hill fur farm near Winnipeg and released on both islands, while their marten population was replenished by shipments of ranch specimens from Bird's Hill and wild specimens from British Columbia. In addition, a few marten from the same sources have been released on the Rupert's House and Fort George sanctuaries.

In 1938 the Indian Affairs Branch of the Federal Government decided that, on the evidence of the very satisfactory development in the Company's preserve, they would establish a similar sanctuary to the south. This new preserve, called the Nottaway, was leased by the branch from the province of Quebec. It covered an area of 12,000 square miles, and, due to its location, was in an excellent position to receive some of the overflow from the Company's sanctuary. The result was an increase in beaver that was most gratifying. Management was entrusted to the Company, and by 1945 the natives were allowed to trap beaver. Since then, trapping quotas have been increased each year, until last winter twelve hundred beaver were taken.

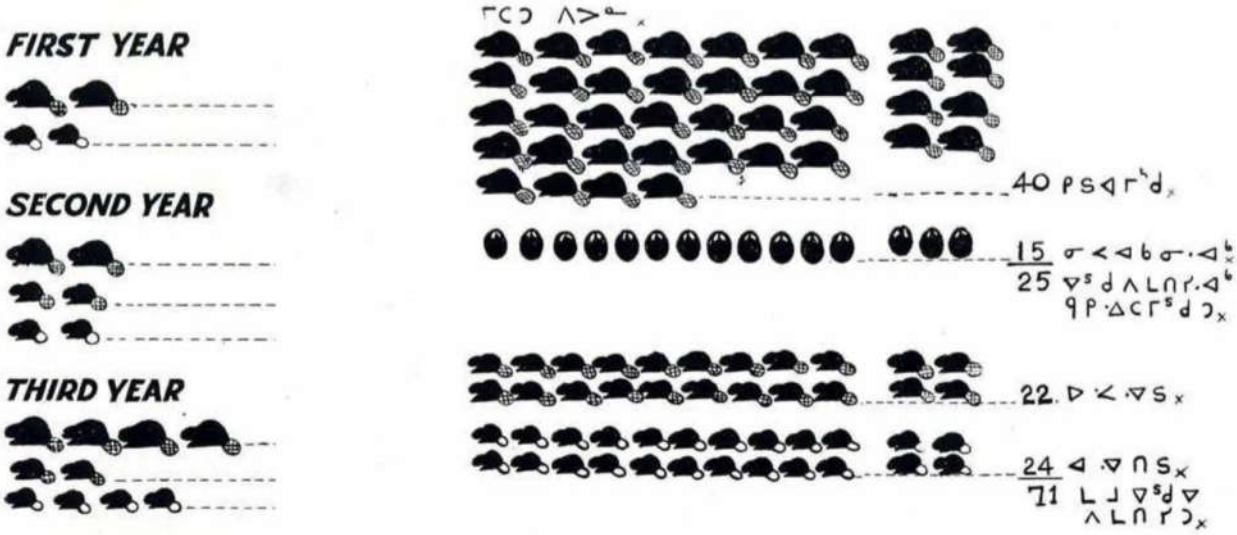
Subsequently, other sanctuaries were established by the Indian Affairs Branch. In Quebec these included the Old Factory preserve, situated between the Eastmain and Fort George Rivers, and, in Ontario, the Kesagami and Albany preserves.

Some of the live beaver for these sanctuaries were brought in by the Indian Affairs Branch from Algonquin Park. Kesagami preserve, which is already in production, was entirely restocked by beaver donated by the Company from its Rupert's House and Charlton Island preserves. The restocking covered a four-year period and involved the transfer of thirty beaver during each year.

Through the co-operation of the provincial authorities, the expansion of the Company's conservation efforts in Quebec continued apace, and in 1940 Fort George preserve, having an area of 17,000 square miles, was established. This large area on the east coast of James Bay extends north from the Fort George River to Cape Jones and inland almost to the old fur trading post at Nichicun.

The Fort George preserve got away to a good start because the breeding stock of beaver had not been entirely depleted, particularly in the inland

Jimmy Watt's scheme for showing the Indians how the beaver would increase if left alone. Opposite page and below left: Cover and first page of the booklet in English issued to the natives. Below right: The last page of the booklet in Cree syllabic, showing the situation in the tenth year—40 adult beaver of which 15 may be trapped, 22 yearlings, and 24 kitts, all from the two adults of the first year.



section. All the imported beaver came from Charlton Island and were released near the coast, since when they have worked upstream. The annual count of beaver lodges shows a good increase, and the prospect of limited beaver trapping on this preserve within a year or two appears to be certain.

Along the west coast of the Bay, the depletion in fur resources had followed a very similar pattern, and there was nothing to suggest that conservation measures similar to those adopted on the east coast would not be equally successful. Consequently, arrangements were concluded with the Ontario Government which provided for the Company restocking these depleted areas with beaver and establishing the necessary administrative control to assure adequate protection. As a result, the Kapisko and Attawapiskat preserves totalling 18,000 square miles were created. On the 15,000-square-mile Attawapiskat preserve, beaver were found to be almost extinct, only one lodge being reported!

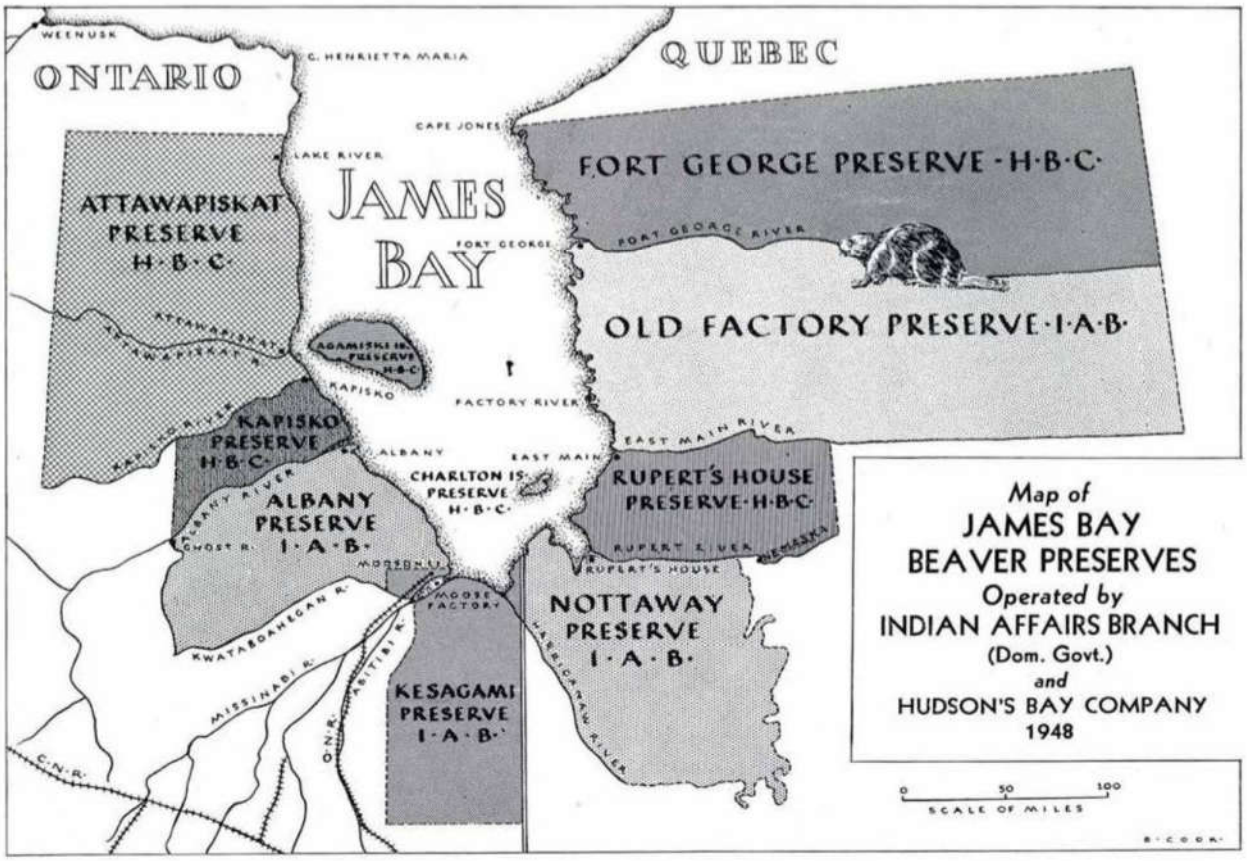
Such satisfactory progress has since been maintained on these preserves, that in due course they should bring to the natives a degree of prosperity equal to that of other producing preserves.

The system of operating Company beaver preserves places local control in the hands of its post managers who, by reason of their training, experience, and knowledge of each native's capabilities, are in an excellent position to administer their areas. Prominent Indians are appointed as paid beaver guardians. In addition to the yearly cash retainer, each receives a windbreaker and a badge, and is responsible for the protection of beaver and for the annual beaver lodge-count in his section. All the natives join in making the lodge-count, for which they are paid in proportion to the work each one does. Every year each lodge is marked with a special tag to avoid duplication in counting. The lodge-count is most important, as it provides the basis for the estimate of the beaver population from which the trapping quota is set.

In live-trapping and transporting beaver from breeding sanctuaries to unpopulated areas, all sorts of curious problems arise. In the case of Kesagami, for instance, Jimmy Watt had the first thirty animals brought in to Rupert's House in April. The weather was cold, so the beaver could not be placed in the unheated "beaver house." The summer kitchen was therefore heated and pressed into service, and tier on tier of beaver crates were placed along the walls. Each day the animals were taken from their crates to splash around in a wash tub. Beaver have their own peculiar odour and, in spite of the daily bath, by the time navigation opened in June and they were shipped elsewhere, the summer kitchen smelled very much like the inside of a beaver lodge.

During the sojourn of the live beaver at Rupert's some seventeen kitts were born in captivity. They took to the water very quickly, but care had to be

This Indian beaver guardian has set a cage trap near the river bank, leaving a narrow passage between tamarack branches for the beaver to enter. Lorene Squire.



The area below "Moosonee" should be white.

taken not to leave them too long in the tub because they would tire out and drown.

In transporting live beaver, it was learned that they must not be exposed to rain and cold winds. Wooden crates, protected by wire mesh or galvanized iron sheeting, were used for carrying one pair or a female with young. Without this precaution the beaver would chew their way through the crate. Daily immersion in water appears to be essential to their good health, especially in hot weather, so space was provided in the crate for a metal water container, which could be removed from the crate and flushed out daily. By observing these precautions, losses were reduced to the minimum. No beaver were released in the wilds after the end of August, as they require some time before freeze-up to build a lodge and gather food for the winter. Usually they take a few days to look over the new location before settling on a winter home.

On the theory that sufficient beaver should be taken each year to prevent overpopulation, trapping of beaver was resumed on the Rupert's House preserve after ten years of protection. Too many beaver on the area would reduce the food supply, and extensive migration or disease might result. In making this decision, we were influenced by our records of Charlton Island beaver preserve a hundred years before, when it appeared that after the beaver became plentiful trapping was delayed with the object of making a very large catch. The 1851 catch

Indians carrying live beaver in wire netting cages, to be set free on the Attawapiskat preserve. W. H. Houston.

Small fry at Rupert's House. Three Indian boys, each with a two weeks old beaver kitt.

of eight beaver per square mile, measured by present-day standards, was very good; but in those days it was a disappointment, and references were made to overcrowding, to beaver drowned while attempting to migrate to the mainland, and to the scarcity of young beaver—all of which indicated that the rate of increase dropped as the beaver became too numerous.

As is the case with most wild animals, the first consideration is food. Without a good food supply, beaver will not increase rapidly. In estimating the carrying capacity of a beaver preserve, one must be guided by the number of small shallow lakes and streams and the nature of the forest cover. Above all else, beaver prefer aspen. After that, in order of preference, come willow, black poplar, birch and alder, with coniferous trees last. The roots of water lilies are sometimes eaten. Therefore, if a beaver preserve contains large areas of coniferous swamp, or exposed rocky formation, or large deep lakes, these features must be considered in estimating its capacity for production. We estimate that the Rupert's preserve should carry two beaver per square mile, a total of 14,000. So far, by trapping one animal for each lodge, yielding an annual catch of about 2,000, the beaver population has been held at between 13,000 and 15,000 for the past five years.

Beaver live in lodges in shallow lakes or streams where the water levels are usually controlled by one or more dams. In no case does the beaver depend entirely on his lodge for shelter; he always has emergency shelters which have been tunnelled into the bank of lake or stream below water level to rise above water level in the bank. These are known as bank burrows, and a beaver colony may have as many as six. They can be spotted by the muddy water near the entrance and by fresh mud and sticks which the beaver places on the bank above the burrow in the fall of the year. A ventilation hole is provided, and if the burrow is used much in winter, its location is very quickly picked up by the Indian with the help of his "beaver dog."

The Indian, with his family, moves into his trapping grounds in the fall, where he selects a good winter camp and makes a trip before freeze-up to plan his trapping. At this time he locates and marks the bank burrows where he intends to trap. Having marked them, he can trap beaver when the snow is deep and ice is thick. The trapper does not open the beaver lodge but, having made sufficient noise to drive the occupants from the lodge to one of the bank burrows, he cuts holes through the ice and blocks the entrances to the lodge by driving stakes. He repeats the process at each bank burrow. On reaching the last, if he is sure all the animals are inside, he closes the entrance. The next step is the excavation—starting at the ventilation hole—of the bank burrow, which involves a lot of work when the soil is frozen. The beaver are taken from the burrow, the large ones are killed and the small ones are returned to the burrow, which is covered over. Then all the stakes must be removed from the entrances to lodge and burrows, otherwise the survivors might be cut off from their food supply, which is stored in the water, usually close to the lodge. Occasionally the method is modified by using a net under the ice in narrow streams or in the entrance to lodge or burrow. Steel traps are not required for this kind of trapping. The selection of large animals brings more money to the trapper and improves the collection.

The natives on the east coast of James Bay have been noted for many years for their skill in handling beaver pelts. Under preserve supervision, particular emphasis has been placed on good handling, and the natives have responded very well, with the result that the pelts attract a great deal of attention on the market. Most of the beaver pelts are frost dried; that is, they are stretched and placed outside to freeze, then brought in to be scraped, washed and dried a little. This process is repeated until the pelt is perfectly dry and the leather is very light in colour.

Beaver conservation is very important to the health of the natives. The meat is delicious and

A pair of beaver in a pen ready for shipment. L. Butler.

nutritious. There is a local superstition which forbids feeding beaver meat to sled dogs, so all the meat is consumed by the natives. Caribou are extinct in that area, and moose and deer are quite scarce, so beaver trapping is permitted on the preserves throughout the winter. Thus the Indian, with a quota of twenty beaver to a married man with children, remains in the healthy surroundings of his trapping grounds where he has fresh meat all winter. To keep the larder filled a few beaver are taken before the end of December. In January and February just enough are trapped for food, and in March and April the remainder of the quota is taken.

This summer the Company installed a freezing plant at Rupert's House with a capacity of 16,000 pounds, so that quantities of this meat could be kept in good condition for the use of the natives during the summer. The plan is for each Indian family to bring in 200 pounds of frozen beaver meat during the winter months, which will be kept at the right temperature until it is withdrawn for use. The plant will also be used to store fish, geese and ducks for the natives. In this way much waste will be avoided; and the health and welfare of the Indian greatly increased.

That the Indians appreciate what beaver conservation has done for them is shown by the erection of a recreation hall at Rupert's House in memory of the late Jimmy Watt. The hall, which was built under Mrs. Watt's supervision, is being financed with contributions from the Indians. Moving picture entertainment is provided in summer through the co-operation of the Indian Affairs Branch and the Company.

Recently the Rupert's House Indians honoured L. A. Richard, Deputy Minister of Quebec's Department of Mines and Resources, by electing him a member of the tribe with the title "Chief White Beaver."

To Mr. Richard's faith in the ultimate success of the Rupert's House preserve, and to his continued interest and assistance throughout all the subsequent developments and expansion, may be attributed in no small measure the success of these large and important conservation projects.

In the operation of large conservation schemes, it is essential that everyone who has any influence over the natives should lend their support. We have been very fortunate in James Bay in having the full co-operation of the Federal and Provincial Governments, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Indian Affairs Branch and the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches. Their help has been invaluable. Further success in beaver conservation depends on their continued support, on the efforts of our post managers and on the co-operation of the natives. Given this assistance, there is every reason to expect that the Indians of James Bay will continue to prosper as a result of beaver conservation.

A yearling beaver gets his freedom in his new home. Lorene Squire.

SIMPSON'S 1828 JOURNEY

A review of the tenth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society

by Willard E. Ireland

THE decision of the Hudson's Bay Record Society to issue as its tenth volume the despatches written by George Simpson recording his overland voyage to the Columbia Department in 1828 was a happy one. For one thing it rounds out the series dealing with Simpson's three epic transcontinental voyages. The journal of the first voyage performed in 1824-25 had already been published in 1931 by Professor Frederick Merk in *Fur Trade and Empire*, while the better known third voyage had, with the aid of a ghost-writer, been released under Simpson's name as long ago as 1847 entitled the *Narrative of a journey round the world during the years 1841 and 1842*. Admittedly much of the factual information in connection with this voyage had already been made available in the published version of the journal of Chief Trader Archibald McDonald, one of Simpson's travelling companions in 1828, as edited by Malcolm McLeod in *Peace River* (Ottawa 1872). To this source the editor of the present volume has time and again very wisely made reference, but naturally much greater advantage is derived from direct access to the opinions of the leading personality in the expedition.

Even more important, however, is the insight this volume gives into the rapidly maturing character of Simpson. His rise within the service of the Hudson's Bay Company had been without parallel. Gone is the garrulity of the Simpson of the *Athabaska Journal* of 1820-21 (H.B.R.S. Vol. I) and in its place there begins to emerge the shrewd organizing genius and, at times, suave diplomat of later days. The full stature of the Company's irreplaceable servant so amply revealed in the three volumes of *McLoughlin's Fort Vancouver Letters* is here foreshadowed. There are some examples of Simpson's rather hasty and caustic (yet so frequently correct) appraisals of his fellow employees, but there are, too, many evidences of his innate fairness and willingness to give merited commendation—as for instance, his generous reference to Chief Factor John Stuart and his part in Simon Fraser's amazing descent of his river in 1808.

Prior to the meeting of the council of the Northern Department at York Factory in July, 1828, Simpson had been busily engaged in visiting the numerous posts in the Southern Department. Yet almost immediately after the adjournment of the council he set out on July 12 for the Pacific Coast. As a travel narrative his despatches will prove a disappointment to many readers, for long stretches of the journey are dismissed with a terse recording of dates of arrival and departure. Nearly a month was required for the arduous trip from York Factory to Fort Chipewyan, yet it is summed up in four short paragraphs. For that matter the amazing sixty-six day return journey from Fort Vancouver to the Red River Settlement is recorded in only a few paragraphs. There is ample additional evidence, if such be required, to illustrate Simpson "the furious traveller." Fortunately the editor has had access to the journals of the various posts visited and has, consequently, been able to supplement the bare time-table Simpson provided. Nor are there many references to his travelling companions—Chief Trader Archibald McDonald, Dr. Richard J. Hamlyn, Simpson's own servant, Tom Taylor, and a piper, Colin Fraser.

The brevity of the narrative in no way reflects its significance. Simpson was perfectly well aware of his accomplishments as a traveller, and on his safe arrival at Fort Vancouver on October 25 boasted of having "performed the longest voyage ever attempted in North America in one season, about 7,000 miles." He was writing to the Governor and Committee in England to inform them of actual conditions in the country. On his previous voyage to the Columbia he had provided them with full details concerning the area east of the Rocky Mountains and, in consequence, he expands his narrative only when discussing new territory. This is perhaps best illustrated by his fortuitous meeting with Chief Factor Edward Smith of Mackenzie's River district at Fort Chipewyan.

Simpson set himself three main tasks when he undertook his second transcontinental journey. He would be given the opportunity to re-examine at first hand the effectiveness of the plans he had devised in 1824 for the rehabilitation of the fur trade in the vast Columbia Department. In addition he would visit for the first time the scattered posts comprising New Caledonia district. Being fully aware of the trend the negotiations between the government of Great Britain and the United States were assuming on the subject of the definite boundary line west of the Rocky Mountains, he would make a personal examination of the Fraser river as a possible arterial communication with the interior lest the Columbia river should be lost to the Company.

Simpson left Fort Chipewyan on August 14 and reached Fort Dunvegan on the 25th. His earlier trip to the Pacific had taken him further south through the Athabasca Pass to the headwaters of the Columbia river to visit New Caledonia. The post on McLeod's Lake in charge of John Tod was reached on September 11th and on the 17th, after an arduous few days' portage over the height of land, Fort St. James, the principal establishment of the district, was reached. With his usual skill Simpson gives a brief account of the six posts comprising New Caledonia district. He was impressed with the work of Chief Factor William Connolly, in charge of this district, and unhesitatingly said so:

> "The present state of the affairs of New Caledonia, manifest excellent management, and if its revenue has not encreased so rapidly as could have been wished, it can only be ascribed to misfortunes over which Chief Factor Connolly had no control, and certainly not arising from a want of zeal and exertion on his part, qualities for which he has long been conspicuous."

Tributes such as this and his equally fine words regarding John Stuart, "the Father or founder of New Caledonia," enhance the stature of Simpson.

Plans were laid for the re-establishment of Fort George at the confluence of the Nechako and Fraser rivers; then Simpson, now at Alexandria, decided to divide his party. James Murray Yale was to descend the Fraser to the junction with the Thompson river, there to await Simpson, who would go overland to Fort Kamloops and then down the Thompson. In this way he gained knowledge of the administration of the Thompson River district and was also able to test the navigability of the Thompson river. Fortunately several valuable reports supplementing the minimum details of the despatches have been included in the appendix. These include Joseph McGillivray's 1827 report on Fort Alexandria, Archibald McDonald's Thompson River district report for 1827 and William Connolly's letter of February 27, 1829.

The descent of the Thompson river must have been an unforgettable experience. Simpson commented on "the whitened countenances of the boldest among us, even that of our dark Iroquois Bowsman who is nearly amphibious." Fortunately Yale had a better report on the middle reaches of Fraser river, but their descent from the junction to Fort Langley completely demonstrated the impracticability of the river as a main channel of communication. Simpson, the veteran traveller, was forced to admit that "every new reach" brought to view "fresh and alarming dangers." His final report left no doubt as to his conclusions.

> "Frazers River, can no longer be thought of as a practicable communication with the interior; it was never wholly passed by water before, and in all probability never will again; the banks do not admit of Portages being made, and in many places it would be impossible to use the line, on account of the height of the projecting Rocks which afford no footing; and altho we ran all the Rapids in safety, being perfectly light, and having three of the most skilful Bowsmen in the country, whose skill however was of little avail at times, I should consider the passage down, to be certain Death, in nine attempts out of Ten. I shall therefore no longer talk of it as a navigable stream, altho' for years past I had flattered myself with the idea, that the loss of the Columbia would in reality be of very little consequence to the Honble. Coys. interests on this side the Continent; but to which I now, with much concern find, it would be ruinous, unless we can fall upon some other practicable route."

Fort Langley, which had been established in 1827, was reached on October 10 and, after a rest and careful examination into the prospects, Simpson pushed on to Fort Vancouver, where he arrived on the 25th. Immediately he plunged into the task of surveying the far-flung operations of the Columbia Department. His despatches give the usual detailed summaries on the various posts. In the main he found ample evidence of the effectiveness of his plan to drive out American overland interlopers by means of the Snake river expeditions. From the land approach the Company appeared to be in a safe position. Events later proved otherwise, but it should be remembered that the eventual American triumph was based on the influx of settlers against whom the Company could offer little opposition and not on the intervention of American fur-traders.

Simpson, consequently, turned his attention to the maritime competition and began to evolve a policy which he hoped would as effectively remove American opposition from the sea as had his plan for safeguarding the land approach. He projected the building of other posts along the northwest coast, beginning with an establishment on the Naas river, and an improvement of the shipping facilities of the Company. Always on the alert to safeguard the annual dividends, he envisaged the use of this shipping accommodation when not engaged directly in the fur trade in expanding the lumber and produce trade with South America, the Sandwich Islands and Russian America. One cannot but be amazed at the ramifications of the Hudson's Bay Company's interests in the Pacific northwest and at Simpson's grasp of the intricacies involved. His genius for organization was high-lighted by his great power of adaptability. This is particularly well illustrated by events that transpired while he was still on the Columbia. The annual supply ship *William and Ann* was lost that winter on the bar of the Columbia. She had on board a good part of the outfit for 1829, and at the same time two American rivals, the *Owhyhee* and *Convoy*, put in an appearance. The situation was difficult, but Simpson hastily rearranged his plans to meet the unexpected emergency. Within a few years his long-range plan came into full operation and was eminently successful, for as a matter of record the *Owhyhee* and *Convoy* were practically the last American competition that the Company had to face.

An interesting appendix to this volume relates to the China trade. The Orient was, in effect, the natural outlet for the furs of the Columbia Department. In years past the North West Company had explored this avenue of trade, but the monopoly of the East India Company made it almost impossible for British firms to compete with Americans. It was possible to sell the furs in the China market under license from the East India Company but the proceeds could not be taken away in the form of tea or other China produce. Consequently British traders were denied the advantage of this lucrative two-way trade, and in order to overcome this difficulty had to sell their furs to a reputable American firm for resale on the China market on a commission basis. The documents here printed throw considerable light on the difficulties inherent in what was at best an unsatisfactory arrangement.

Knowing as we do that Simpson had been largely responsible for the briefing of H. O. Addington, Britain's representative in the boundary negotiation of 1826-27, and knowing, too, that one of the underlying reasons for his visit to the Columbia was the boundary question, it is surprising to find so few direct references to the international problem in these despatches. That deficiency has to a large extent been remedied by the inclusion in an appendix of extracts from Simpson's correspondence with the Governor and Committee in the period 1824-28 and of that body's correspondence with the Foreign Office.

This volume is a valuable and necessary complement to the previously published *McLoughlin's Fort Vancouver Letters*. It goes a long way in explaining the genesis of many of Simpson's plans that later gave rise to his unfortunate break with McLoughlin. It makes thoroughly interesting and, at times, exciting reading, and Mr. Wallace is to be commended on the excellence of his introduction. As usual a series of detailed biographical sketches have been included which, to the serious historical researcher always contain a wealth of information. One has come to expect a high standard of scholarship in the publications of the Hudson's Bay Record Society and this volume is no exception.

FALL PACKET

Old-Timers

The photo of the Mackenzie River old-timers on page 28 brings to mind two stories, one of them told to us by Walter Johnson (in the group on page 22), the other related by Agnes Deans Cameron in her book, *The New North*, published by Appleton's in 1912. The first concerns Walter's father, "The Judge." As Col. LaNauze says, he served the Company for forty-five years. But when, after that long period of honourable service, he was retired *cum laude*, the old man was shocked. "Well, what do you know about that?" he exclaimed indignantly. "And I thought I had a steady job!"

The second tale is about Miss Gaudet, of Fort Good Hope, whose family were Company people through and through. "When Miss Gaudet was a little girl," says Miss Cameron, "she got her first Scripture lesson from an R.C. Sister, the story of our old Mother in the first garden. One Sunday was review day, and this question arose: 'And how did God punish Adam and Eve for their disobedience?' Quick came the girlie's reply, 'They had to leave the Company's service.'"

That Old Fable

One of the fables of the fur trade—perhaps the most popular of them all—is that indestructible old chestnut about the Indian piling beaver skins up to the height of an elongated musket. Repeated a hundred times in print, and retailed a thousand times by word of mouth, it has always been quoted as fact rather than as fiction.

Never did we suspect that it would find its way into the pages of the august *National Geographic Magazine*. But it did. For some unaccountable reason, after these many years, it caught the fancy of the fact-minded editors of that great publication. And so we feel it is high time to take it apart.

For the benefit of that handful of readers who have never come across this quaint legend, here is a brief summary. The story goes that "in the old days"—a conveniently vague period—an Indian who wanted a musket from a white trader had to pile beaver skins one upon the other until the stack equalled the height of the gun. (The fact that the Indian often cut down the gun after buying it is always blithely ignored.)

Some years ago the post manager at Temagami, curious to find out exactly how many beaver it would require to reach the height of an ordinary rifle, made a test, and took a photo of the result. (*Beaver*, Dec. 1941.) Before the muzzle had been reached, one hundred and seventy skins were in the pile. One can imagine the number of skins which would have been necessary, therefore, to reach the height of one of the old five-foot flintlocks. Even allowing for the cheapness of beaver "in the old days," the Indian would probably have been exchanging more than two years' catch of beaver for a single flintlock—which wasn't much more efficient than his bow-and-arrow.

The written record is even more enlightening. The tariffs for beaver as given in the parliamentary report of 1749 were: Albany and Moose, twelve skins for a 4-foot gun, eleven for a 3½-foot, and ten for a 3-foot; at York Factory and Churchill, fourteen skins for all sizes. This rate had changed little in seventy years, for Oldmixon, in his *British Empire in North America*, published in 1708, had this to say about the price for guns in the 1680's or thereabouts: "One with the other 10 good skins; that is Winter Beaver; 12 skins for the biggest sort, 10 for the mean, and 8 for the smallest."

One hundred years ago, a gun claimed twenty beaver in the Mackenzie River district. That area was far from the coast and transportation of goods and furs from and to the seaboard was expensive. But even twenty skins was far below the number required for a pile four or five feet high.

True, an Indian was paid much less for his furs a century ago than he is to-day. And furriers paid smaller prices for raw skins in the markets of large cities. A list signed by Ramsay Crooks of Astor's American Fur Company noted that in New York City the price for beaver skins in 1847 was $1.50 per pound or about $1.87 per average skin—one twentieth of 1948 prices. But even at 1847 prices, the legend of the piled skins is absurd.

Nevertheless, no matter how often its absurdity is proved, this popular legend will continue to flourish like the green spruce tree. Its chief weakness is that no one has ever been able to prove it really happened.

Contributors

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New Light on Lajimoniere

WHEN the last issue of the *Beaver* went to press, carrying a story on the amazing journeys of John Pritchard and Jean-Baptiste Lajimonière between Montreal and Red River, the St. Boniface weekly, *La Liberté*, had begun to publish a series of articles throwing new light on Lajimonière's travels. The author of these was Reverend Father Picton, who had gone to great pains to search out the documents bearing on the matter. The source of most of his information was the Selkirk papers in the Public Archives at Ottawa. In these transcripts are numerous references to Lajimonière's trips from Red River to Montreal and back, and Father Picton has generously allowed us to use them for the preparation of this article. From them he has brought to light the following findings:

To begin with, Lajimonière's route between Lake Superior and Montreal was by way of York (Toronto), both going and coming. And his eastward journey was much slower than previously supposed. He did not deliver the letters to Selkirk, in fact, until March 10, 1816.

Lajimonière was still at Drummond Island, Lake Huron, in mid-February. From there he travelled with Captain Livingston, a friend of Selkirk's—probably by way of Nottawasaga and Newmarket—to York, where they arrived on March 1st. On that day Alexander Wood at York wrote a letter to Selkirk at Montreal, and sent it by Lajimonière:

"The reason for detaining the Express was want of a conveyance, he [Lajimonière] seemed not inclined to go on foot and the only person here who could provide a sleigh asked sixty dollars to carry him to Kingston; Captn Roxburgh having engaged a pair of horses & Sleigh to carry him so far, I have got this Express joined to his party for which he pays twenty dollars. I have furnished him here with two pounds Hfx cy [Halifax currency] some mittens for one dollar which is placed to your Lordships account and to be detained from him on settling . . ."

Evidence of Lajimonière's actual arrival in Montreal is found in Selkirk's letter of March 30 to Colin Robertson at Red River, "I received here [Montreal] on the 10th your very agreeable letter of 5th and 17th October with the accompanying documents."

Livingston also sent a letter by Lajimonière to Selkirk, dated March 1; but not until March 30 did Selkirk answer it. When he did, he gave Livingston instructions for Lajimonière's return:

"I received your letter of 1 and 2nd by Lajimo. your fellow traveller from D.I. [Drummond Id.] . . . . The bearer Lag. is to proceed with all possible expedn to the Sault, & I trust you to procure a small canoe for him. . . . Lag. will explain to you our wish that his motions should be concealed as long as possible from our antagonists."

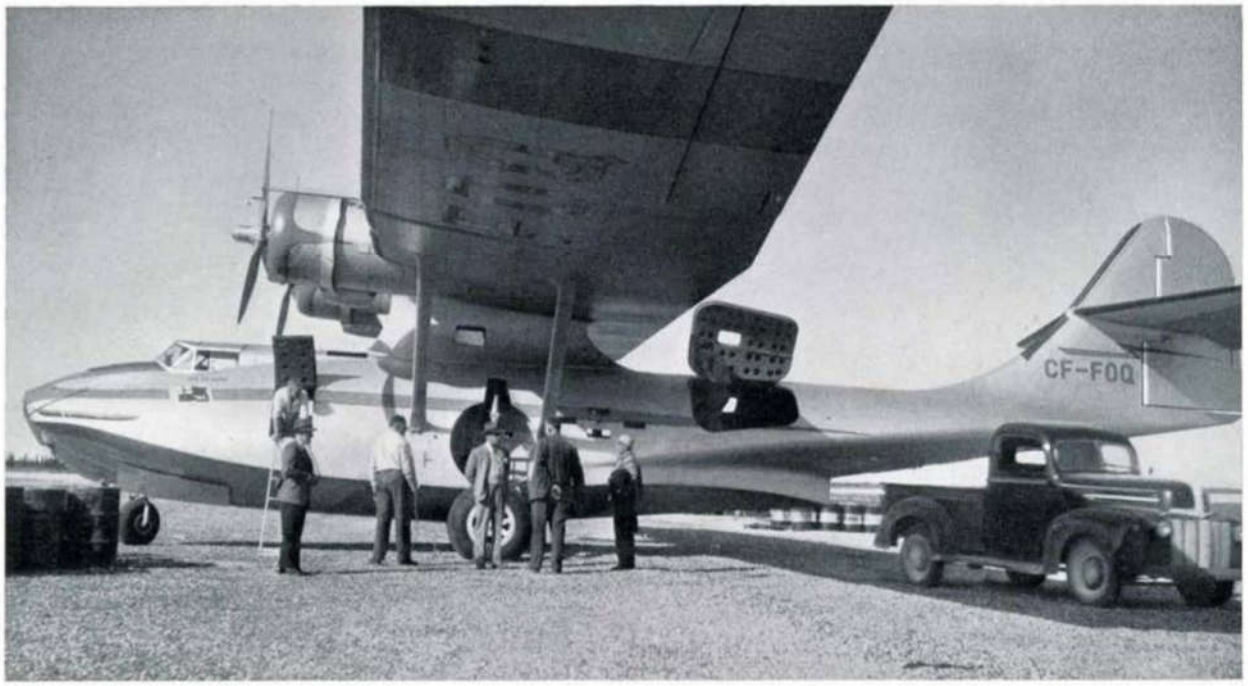
On the same day he wrote to Charles Ermatinger, justice of the peace at the Sault: "Lagimr. is to return to R.R. by the road he came. He will require a supply of provns. & I would also request you to write by him to any of your people along his route to assist him as far as they may have an opportunity. . . . Peter Spence and Wm. Leash, are to proceed to Brunswick House by way of Michipn. They will need a small canoe."

Selkirk later wrote a memorandum to Duncan Graham asking him to furnish Lajimonière with arms at York and "a small assortment of garden seeds to Mr. McLeod's new post near Red Lake."

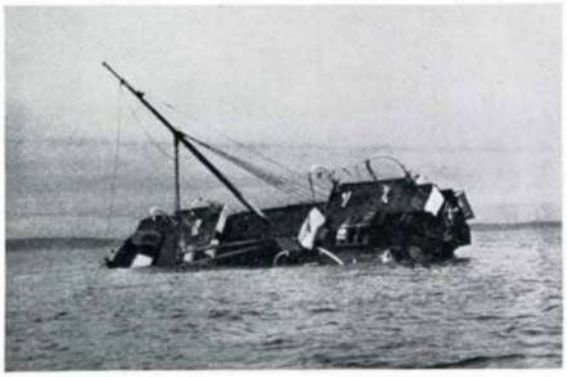
Graham travelled to Newmarket with the doughty French Canadian, and on April 26 reported to Selkirk from York: "I returned from Newmarket the night before last, after seeing the men off from that place to Nottusaga. I had a great deal of trouble with Lagimonière leaving Montreal till I reached that place: & his behavour there will be known to your Lordship by Capt. Livingston letter. Peter Spence I found to be a well behaved man & I have not the least doubt but that he will be able to overcome any difficulty that may occur on the way." (This Peter Spence was evidently the same man who accompanied Pritchard from Montreal to Moose Factory.)

Livingston had indeed written to his lordship expressing his disappointment at the voyageur's actions. Lajimonière, he reported, was in Newmarket for two days before Livingston knew he had arrived. And then he found he had unwisely "disclosed the tenor of his mission." His confidence in the messenger shattered, Livingston sent off the three men, who were with Lajimonière, to Nottawasaga with the express. They also carried a message to Captain Hambly, R.N., asking him to allow them passage to Drummond Island on a naval vessel. The next day, April 24, Livingston prevailed on Lajimonière to follow them. But on May 4 Lake Huron was "still one continued sheet of ice" and the four men were still at Nottawasaga. They had hopes, however, of being able to sail the next day on H.M.S. *Surprise*.

The story of Lajimonière's capture by North West Company men at the far end of Lake Superior has already been told. But one last item that Father Picton discovered sheds a little more light on his progress to Red River. On July 2, 1816, Pierre Paul Lacroix wrote to Selkirk from the Little Fork of the Rainy River saying that he had found Lajimonière and his party on the beach without food.

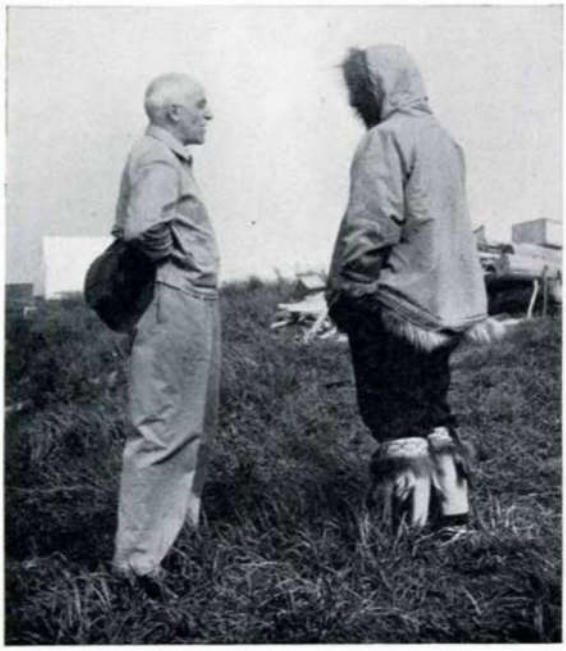


The Company Canso, *Polar Bear*, at Churchill airport. H. W. Chitty.



The last picture of the *Nascopie*, taken by an Eskimo, Pitsulak. It shows her stern half before it disappeared on October 15.

Commr. S. T. Wood, R.C.M.P., chats with one of his old Eskimo friends. D. B. Marsh.



Celebration of the caribou feast at Kanaaupscow, P.Q. Above, small girls cut wood for the fires. Below, small boys shoot at dummy caribou. G. Speers.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SEARCH FOR THE NORTH POLE, by Nellis M. Crouse. Richard R. Smith, New York, 1947. 376 pages.

THIS book, by the author of *The Search for the Northwest Passage*, summarizes the famous Arctic expeditions of Kane, Hayes, Hall, Nares, Greely, Nansen, Andrée, the Duke of Abruzzi, and Peary. No attempt is made to cover other expeditions. As stated by the author in the introduction, "In making our selections, we have chosen only those [expeditions] which (with one or two exceptions) attained a higher latitude than their predecessors."

The expeditions chosen are described objectively and in some detail with a minimum of quotations. From the point of view of new information and critical evaluation, the book is somewhat disappointing. With a few exceptions, such as the discussion of Hayes' farthest north, there is little critical comment on either the conduct of the various expeditions or on their accomplishments. In several instances interesting controversial points are passed over completely. For instance, in describing Peary's attainment of the Pole, Marvin's death is attributed, perhaps correctly but without further comment, to accidental drowning, in spite of Kudlooktoo's later statement that he had killed Marvin. Also no mention is made of the Cook-Peary controversy, which would seem to warrant comment in any account of Peary's work. A decided improvement in the book would have been the inclusion of a few simple specially drafted maps rather than the single commercial map that was prepared for a different purpose and includes considerable extraneous information. There are no illustrations.

But *The Search for the North Pole* is interesting, informative, and well written. After finishing it, the reviewer felt that he was glad to have read it and to have it in his library.—*A. L. Washburn.*

A PIONEER WOMAN IN ALASKA, by Emily Craig Romig. Caxton Printers Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1948.

THE Trail of Ninety-eight! Gold! Bonanza Creek! Gamblers and hard bitten prospectors! What memories and tales of high adventure these things conjure up. But Mrs. Craig does not deal in them. Perhaps for her they did not exist. She went to the Klondyke and Alaska it is true, but simply as a companion to her husband and as a matter of duty. She travelled the long and weary trail, but before a cook-stove in a tent on a sturgeon-head scow.

Emily Craig Romig (she does not tell us her maiden name) was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1871. She came to the United States when she was seventeen and a year later married A. C. Craig, a Chicago contractor. Ten years later they were attracted by stories of the great "Alaskan" gold finds. (Mrs. Craig seems never to have distinguished between the Yukon and Alaska.) An advertisement in Chicago newspapers caused them to join with one Lambertus Warmolts, a specious adventurer, who agreed to conduct a party of thirteen people from Chicago to the Yukon via Edmonton and the Mackenzie river, he to provide travelling expenses and furnish food for one year for five hundred dollars per person. Warmolts claimed to have been a northern guide of experience, whereas, in fact, he had never left his native Chicago.

Mrs. Craig acted as unpaid cook throughout the trip, and refreshes her memory with extracts from the diary she kept on the way. The adventurers seem to have been a rough crowd and at the beginning of the journey berated her for not carrying supplies across the portage at Grand Rapids on the Athabaska river, telling her the alternative was to remain in her cook tent and scare off marauding bears.

Mrs. Craig, over the long period of time, remembers the people she met and, with a few exceptions, names them correctly. She refers to Colin Fraser, the fur trader, as "Messrs. Fraser and Collings" and John Firth of Fort McPherson post as "Mr. Furst." This is not a bad attempt when you consider the impact of Mr. Firth's rolling "r's" on Mrs. Craig's Danish ears.

The expedition was badly equipped, and the start was made too late in the year, leaving Chicago on August 25, 1897, to reach Peel river before ice formed. Mrs. Craig did well at her hard and difficult job, although she sadly missed her comfortable and well equipped home in Chicago. She picked blueberries and what she called yellow blackberries (they were salmonberries) and she made preserves and pies from them and cooked all the game and fish the party caught en route. They wintered on the Peel River. Mr. Craig, who was a builder, and had been in his youth a ship's carpenter, built a comfortable log house.

Finally, after two years the Craigs reached Dawson City. Several members had left the party en route and others had joined it. Mrs. Craig bore all her trials stoically. She was a housewife and ordered her life from day to day accordingly. Not for her was the romantic, heroic existence. It was her job to give her menfolk three good meals every day and all else was subordinated to this.

When the pilgrims reached their destination, "Gold for the taking" was not in evidence. But work aplenty was to be had. Neither of the Craigs were work-shy nor stood on their dignity as having seen better days. Mrs. Craig took positions as cook in restaurants and boarding-houses while Mr. Craig did carpentry and construction work. Then they moved over into Alaska and again obtained work and raised a family. In 1928 Mr. Craig died, and Mrs. Craig married Dr. Romig, also a Dane, in 1937.

This book is not great literature nor one for those who seek vicarious adventure. It is a plain narrative of a woman's reaction to a stirring period in northern history.—*Geo. Pendleton.*

TO THE ARCTIC, by Jeannette Mirsky. Ryerson Press, Toronto, and Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1948. 334 pages.

MISS Mirsky's *To the North*, published in 1934, was undoubtedly the finest history of Arctic exploration written. Its successor edition of 1948 is still without a peer: the story is unfolded in a style which makes fascinating reading, yet a tremendous proportion of the details of journeys are all there, woven carefully into the textual pattern. The elapsed fourteen years, during which occurred the death of Dr. F. A. Cook's litigious backer who had prevented publication of many books and caused the early withdrawal of Miss Mirsky's, has given the author a chance to revise and bring her work up to date. So, with little to add to our initial praise of the whole volume, we can examine the changes that have been made.

With regard to recent events, there is some unevenness of treatment. The Soviet North Pole drifting expedition is fully treated and two pages are added on the recent great scientific activities on the Siberian sea route, yet no mention is made of the Sedov drift. This followed close to Nansen's pioneer path in the *Fram* and a fascinating parallel can be drawn between the two careful scientific accounts separated in time by forty-four years. Similarly the polar flights of Chkalov and Gromov are recorded, but not the tragic failure of Levanevsky, the search for whom by aircraft showed Arctic international co-operation in a light which carries a lesson for to-day, and brought fresh laurels to Sir Hubert Wilkins for his tireless efforts. Contrary to the author's statement, there have been many more polar flights by Russia and Britain, and especially the United States, so that they are now almost routine affairs.

Wegener's Greenland ice cap expedition is well recorded, but there is no mention made of Lauge Koch's great North Greenland surveys or of the Oxford expedition to Spitzbergen in 1935-36. Some interesting new paragraphs and pages have been added to the chapter on the early Russian penetration of Siberia, a field to which Miss Mirsky does much more justice than most historians.

In the textual revision of events antedating the first edition a curious note is apparent which tends to deny a fine feature of the original work. And Stefansson, in his introduction, has described this feature as "statement of fact and not the aggrandizement of a nation." Miss Mirsky's story was supposed to give the original accounts or balanced coeval comments and the reader was to judge values for himself. Hence it is surprising that a tribute by H. R. Mill to Gino Watkins, originator of a new school of exploration, and a critique of Peary's final polar journey "given in fairness to the reader" are now omitted.

Maps, pictures, and a chronological table add infinitely to the value of a polar work. *To the Arctic*, while adding some modern photographs, has retained or substituted many of the interesting early woodcuts and has removed the portraits of explorers which, after all, do less justice to the heroes of the tale than the description of their exploits. The maps have suffered perhaps between their new covers. Brought together however on a single page are Barrow's two maps of 1818 and 1846 which demonstrate the first great period of discovery in the Canadian Eastern Arctic. To have added the Franklin search discoveries as well would have told a still better pictorial story.

To conclude, it would be hard to find a more scholarly and readable account of the story of Arctic exploration and its heroes. Of Nansen, who could give all of himself to the Arctic or to the cause of humanity, it was said "he should have been born in the Renaissance before the specialists became civilization's heroes." In the Arctic it is still necessary first to be a Man.—*P. D. Baird.*

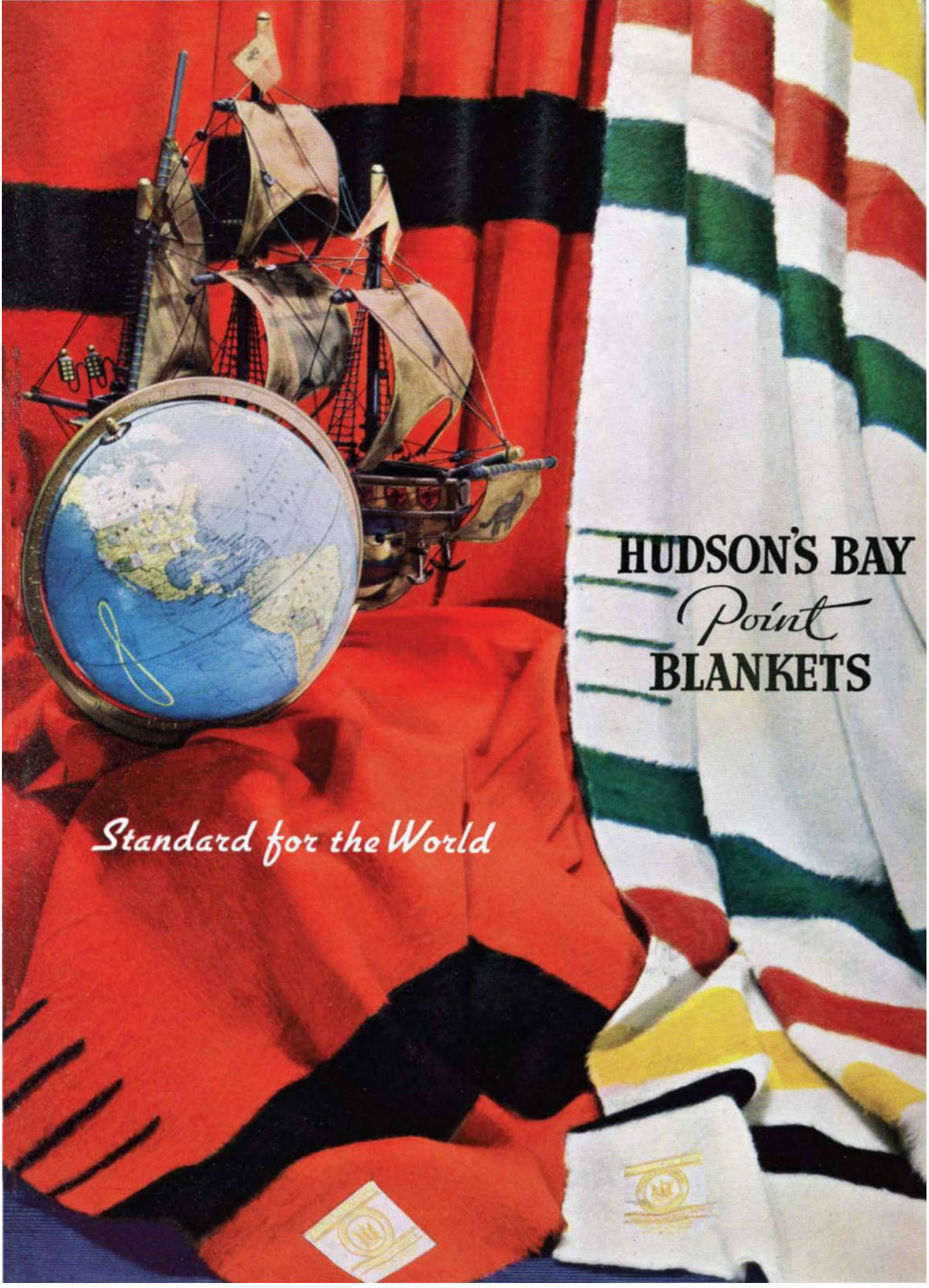
HILL-TOP TALES, by Dan McCowan. Macmillans, Toronto, 1948. 266 pages.

DAN McCowan, an occasional contributor to this magazine, is best known as a writer and lecturer on Rocky Mountain natural history. In this book he leaves the birds and animals for a while and devotes himself to stories of men who have travelled or lived in the great mountains he loves so well. And the result is a very happy one. His fund of anecdote is rich, and his tales well told. When he deals with such historic figures as Alexander Henry, Jr., David Thompson, Sir George Simpson, and Paul Kane, he doesn't let the history books get the better of him. His stories of their wanderings, while sticking to recorded fact, are not mere retellings of old tales. His own familiarity with the country these pioneers passed through enables the author to infuse his stories with a new life, and he views them not as historical characters from a long-dead era, but as actors in a living drama of exploration which began a century and a half ago and is still continuing.

The characters in his stories, however, are by no means all famous. Many of them are humble park wardens, guides, pack-train attendants ("wranglers, to you," adds Mr. McCowan), and even horses themselves. Others are better known, such as Father De Smet, Lord Southesk, John Macoun, Dr. James Hector, and Professor A. P. Coleman. The final chapter deals with the most famous man of them all—King George VI, who with the Queen visited Banff National Park (Crown lands, the author reminds us) in the summer of 1939.

Some of the chapters, such as "Yee Chow, Herbalist," could perhaps have been omitted with benefit to the book as a whole; and one would have preferred to read Howard Sibbald's story as straight narration, rather than as somewhat artificial dialogue put into Mr. Sibbald's mouth by the author. But in most of the tales, the narrative is the author's own, easy to read, and leavened by good Scots humour.

This reviewer's favourite anecdote of all those related concerns a Scottish park warden who discovered two "wanted" murderers in the woods one snowy day and shot both of them. "When the October daily journal of Warden Neish of Mosquito Creek reached National Parks headquarters at Ottawa," writes Mr. McCowan, "it contained one entry which caused some eyebrow lifting. It read: 'Oct. 8. Killed two bandits.' Unfamiliar with the events of the fateful day in Banff Park, the authorities at the capital requested that Neish amplify his somewhat sketchy entry. This he did by adding the simple and terse comment: 'Snowing to beat hell.' "—C.W.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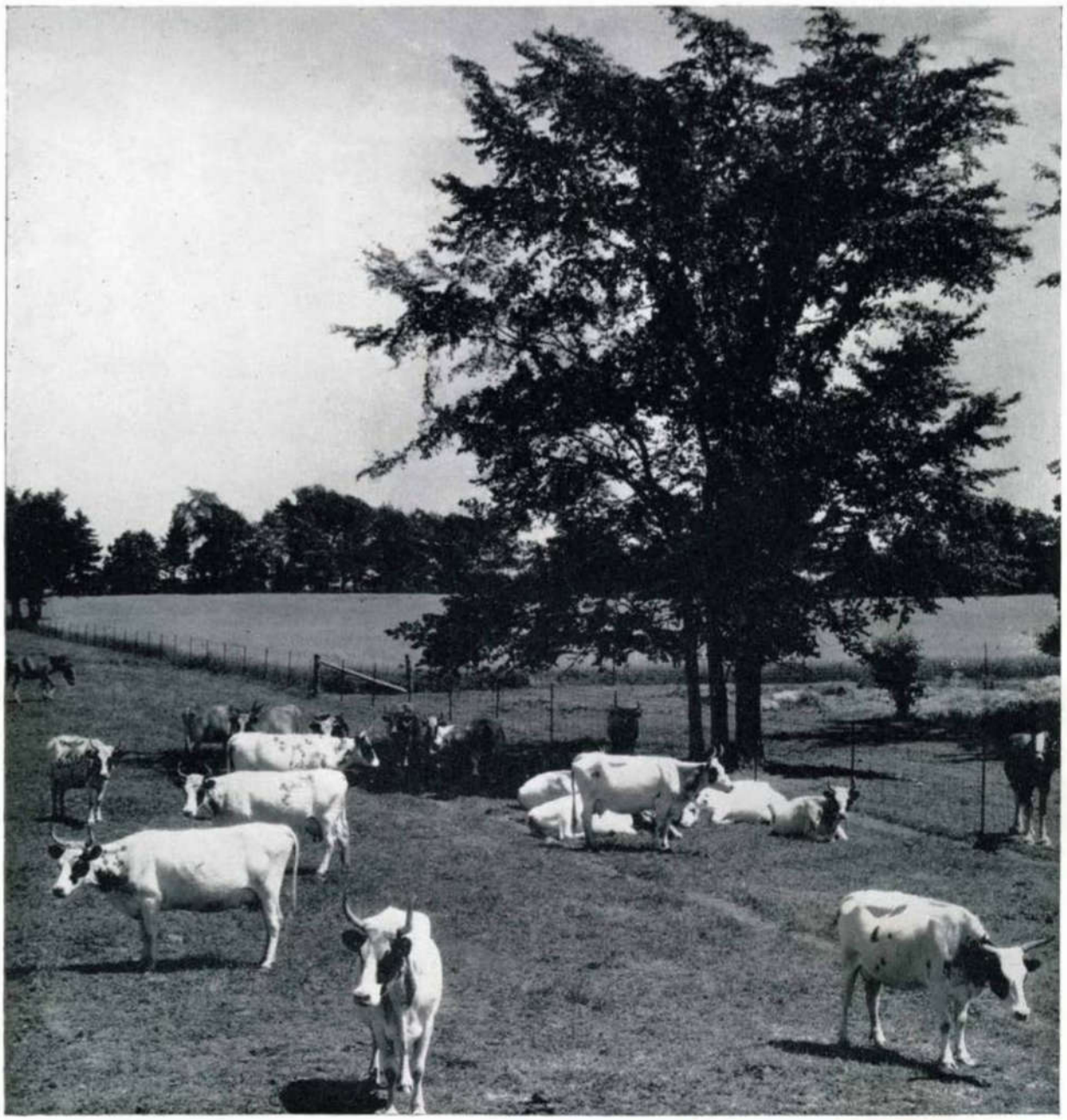

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